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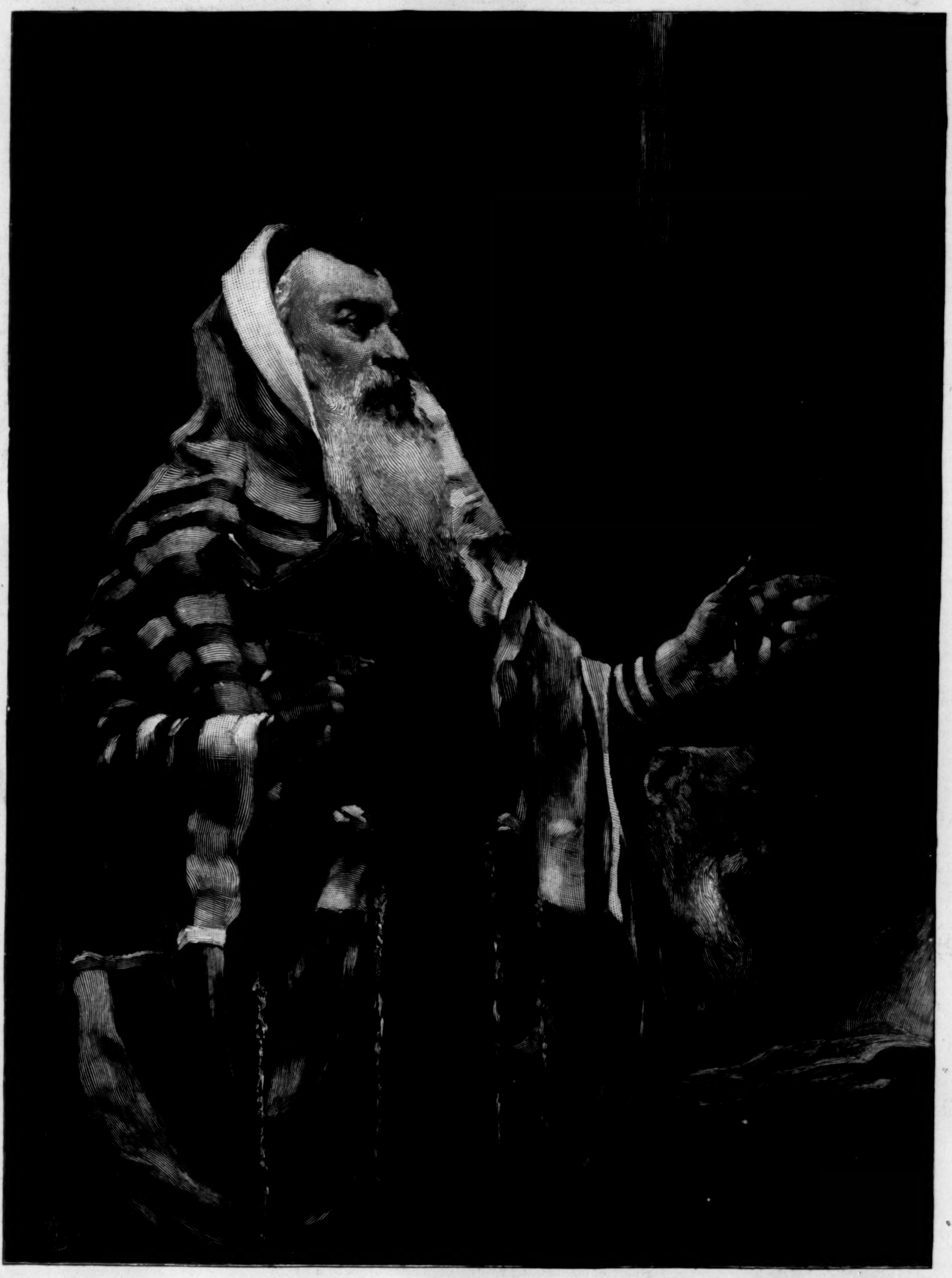

A NEW YORK RABBI.—DRAWN BY T. V. CHOMINSKI.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

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No. 1782.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE SUPREME COURT AND THE BEHRING SEA.

THE decision of the Supreme Court to hear argument on the writ of prohibition in the case of the forfeited sealer *Sayward* will apparently open to argument the whole Behring controversy. In that event the opinion of the Court will be the judgment of our highest legal tribunal upon the question pending between the two governments, and an opinion expressed practically upon the motion of the British government itself. It is true that the British government has not professed its purpose of abiding by the judgment. But that government is, of course, aware that in invoking the judgment of the Court it invites a decision to which it could not refuse to defer without loss of moral prestige. Indeed, it is hardly doubtful that if the Court should justify the American view, the British government would acquiesce. As we pointed out at the time, the British action is the highest tribute to the character of the Supreme Court, and the proceeding opens a new and simple and admirable form of arbitration. Indeed, there is no more striking example of advancing civilization than the submission of such a difference to the peaceful judgment of a court of the highest dignity. An international diplomatic negotiation of this kind lies inevitably within the domain of buncombe. But the procedure of a court is wholly beyond it.

It is stated, apparently with authority, that Secretary Blaine commends the action of the Court most warmly as giving the opposing side no reason for complaining hereafter that it had not had every opportunity, within reasonable limits, of presenting its case. But that opportunity it enjoys always in its diplomatic correspondence. The arguments which it presents to the Court it is equally free to present to the Secretary of State. But the advantage of submitting the question to the Court is not that it can exchange arguments, as with the State Department, but that it can have, from a most competent authority, an unbiassed opinion upon the merits. If the Court should hold with Great Britain, the moral gain to the British view would be immense. If it should hold with the United States, our view would be greatly strengthened. Acquiescence on either side would be very much easier, because national pride is much less touched by the judgment of a court than by success or failure in a diplomatic correspondence. A precedent would be established of the highest value.

It is further stated that Secretary Blaine would "be willing enough to accept the arbitration of the Supreme Court" provided that all the points of the difference were submitted, and that Great Britain would bind herself to abide by the decision. But however that may be, the case as it stands is a practical submission of the question of the extent of the authority of the United States in the Behring Sea. The precise question in the case of the *Sayward* is, we believe, the legality of seizure without the three-mile limit. But that question involves the extent and origin of the authority to seize, and if the substantial difference is not discussed, it will be because advocates are less clever than they are believed to be. It is fair to suppose that as the British government in a certain sense has brought the case into court, it will take care that its side is adequately presented. The case will be necessarily a *cause célèbre*, and the argument will mark one of the great days in the history of the Court. But more and greater than that will be the demonstration that international disputes may be hereafter submitted, like personal differences, to peaceful legal adjudication.

OUR POLICY OF ARMED DEFENCE.

It is a curious coincidence that while in one room of the Capitol at Washington the Supreme Court was opening a possible way to a legal and peaceful settlement of a difference with England, the Senate in another room was hearing from Mr. Cockrell, of Missouri, the remark: "We have at hand Canada as a full compensation for any possible injury that Great Britain may do us. There is Canada, and all we have to do is to step over and take it, and reimburse and indemnify ourselves; and England knows it as well as we do." On the same day Mr. Goldwin Smith was saying in Toronto that the manifest political destiny of Canada is union with the United States. The Senate was considering an amendment to reduce the appropriation for harbor defences from $1,000,000 to $750,000. Senator Cockrell regretted that the reduction was not larger. He thought a system of coast defence both worthless and extravagant. The money spent for it was wasted. The United States alone, in its isolation, could resist the combined powers of the earth. Mexico is our friend. Canada is our friend; and if it were not, what would the Canadians amount to as our enemies? "Not a row of pins," responded Senator Frye. The remark of Senator Cockrell was not strictly courteous to those whom he called friends. But if much must be forgiven to the spirit of liberty, not less must be conceded to high-cockalorum patriotism.

But Senator Hawley was of opinion that pluck and a good cause are not a certain defence against larger guns and organized military force. Troops and the material of troops, like ships and ship timber, are not the same thing. There may be as good oak-trees standing in the forest as those of which the most invincible navy was hewn. But, in war, ships well built, armed, and manned, and upon the water, are better than great trees in the forest. "In twelve or eighteen hours Great Britain could assemble a fleet at Portland; in eighteen or twenty hours at Boston; and in twenty-four hours, perhaps, at New York. What are you going to do when you find British war vessels in the harbor of New York? They could levy a tribute of five hundred or a thousand million dollars on the city of New York; and New York would be compelled to pay it. In the mean time those gallant sons of liberty by the hundred thousand or five hundred thousand are arming; but they would not be worth a single last year's bird's nest. You cannot defend our harbors. You have no modern guns." Senator Blair added a touch of humor to the debate. Great Britain, he said, had no conceivable motive to go to war with us. He would put intelligence into the bayonet and pass the education bill. But he had no objection to fortify Portsmouth Harbor, in New Hampshire, which is by far the best port in the country for fortifications. Mr. Blair is Senator from New Hampshire.

Mr. Dawes explained that the amendment proposed reduction not because the appropriation was excessive, but because there was an unexpended balance of more than a million dollars for the same purpose. The amendment was adopted. It was a discussion, or rather an expression of feeling and opinion, in which there was reason on both sides. But at the same time that it was proceeding, there was an instructive incident elsewhere. The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, was suddenly defeated, and resigned, mainly because of unpopularity arising from the enormous taxation in Italy, amounting, it is stated, to ninety dollars for every inhabitant, and due to the maintenance of an immense military armament. One thing, at least, is clear. If in an age to which war is incontestably more and more repugnant, any great power may wisely refrain from the enormous cost of maintaining a vast system of military and naval offence and defence, it is the United States. There is no doubt that as civilization advances not only the duel and the practice of carrying weapons by individuals disappears, but the policy of maintaining vast national armaments by a crushing taxation, or the old axiom, in time of peace prepare for war, is also growing obsolete.

A DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

THE Atlanta *Constitution*, an ardent Democratic journal, lays down a Democratic platform for 1892, upon which it says the candidate who stands must be a Democrat, which means nothing until the word is defined. A generation ago it meant a supporter of the interests and demands of slavery. A few years later, during the civil war, the National Convention of that name declared for the surrender of the government. Party names and traditions must be handled with great care. But the Atlanta *Constitution* at once proceeds to define a Democrat. "He must favor free coinage as well as tariff reform, and must signify a willingness 'to turn the rascals out.'" This is a compact and intelligible definition of Democratic doctrine at the present time as understood by the Atlanta *Constitution*. It is in three parts: tariff reform, or low tariff; free silver coinage; and the spoils system. It would be interesting to know whether the *Constitution* interprets the late Congressional election as a popular demand for these three measures, or whether it supposes that the vote which brought the Democratic party into power in 1884 could be rallied upon this platform in 1892.

Democratic success in 1884 was due to a few very obvious causes: the Republican nomination and Republican recklessness of conduct and administration, and personal confidence in the Democratic candidate as a true patriot, sound in his financial views, sincerely interested in administrative reform, and in no sense whatever a political Bourbon. The question of tariff reform was not a decisive consideration. The Republican secession, or the mugwump movement, was denounced, indeed, as a mere mask for a free-trade bolt. But as Mr. Edmunds, one of the sturdiest of protectionists, had been the candidate of the Republican seceders, and as almost any other nomination than the one made would have probably prevented the bolt, this charge was of little weight. The result was that the Democratic candidate was elected by votes which were not Democratic in the party sense, and a party which had forfeited the confidence of the country was restored to power, with the opportunity of fully recovering that confidence. The administration of Mr. Cleveland, considered solely as an administration, was no doubt exceedingly reassuring to those who sincerely believed that Democrats were public enemies. It will be probably conceded that except for his message of 1886 he would have been re-elected. That message, however, although it led to immediate party defeat, gave the party an issue which appealed to the intelligence and conviction of many original Republicans upon anti-slavery grounds, and very strongly to the sympathy of a younger generation which had arisen since the war.

The Democratic party emerged from the election of 1888 defeated indeed, but in better order, so far as regards a public policy, enthusiasm of conviction, and satisfaction with a representative leader, than it had been for forty years. It was not, indeed, more highly organized, for its organization by the slave power was absolute and servile. The wide discontent sprung from Republican excesses, the new farmer movements produced by them, the generous ardor of younger tariff reformers, and the probable Presidential contest of 1892 explain in great part the late election. The one peril instinctively apprehended by wiser Democrats was the party folly sure to appear as the consequence of overwhelming success. It is but a reasonable supposition, however, that the mastery of the party by its reactionary forces, and by other views than those that were represented in the administration which for the first time in a quarter of a century made its name tolerable to intelligent Americans, would not regain that confidence. In New York, for instance, a party which obstructs ballot reform and wise liquor license, which largely, if not as a party, favors free silver coinage and opposes civil service reform, will hardly strengthen itself with that rising sentiment, which is very powerful, and seeks a party of honest and intelligent progress.

IRELAND OR PARNELL?

THE question of Mr. Parnell's continued leadership of the Irish party in Parliament remains unsettled, and it must be conceded that, so far as public demonstrations are concerned, the Irish enthusiasm seems to favor it. It is announced that the results of the mysterious conferences at Boulogne will be soon made public—probably before this paper is issued. But the mystery surpasses the interest. The attempt to make terms with Parnell shows the inability of his opponents to deal with him. Nothing has been plainer from the moment of the breach than that his resolution was to rule or ruin, and his opponents should have allowed him to have his way, or they should have taken theirs. The result of the delay will be either their surrender or his. But nobody, we presume, believes that he will yield.

Mr. Justin McCarthy says, in his late article in the *North American Review*, that Parnell's manifesto insulting the English friends of Ireland made his leadership impossible. He says that Parnell is apparently a wholly different man from the former cool and sagacious leader, and that the choice for every patriotic Irishman is Ireland or Parnell. But that has been so clear from the beginning of the quarrel that no conference should have been undertaken. If Parnell should choose to support the old cause under the new leadership, he might do so; but if, as is unquestionable, he should prefer to ruin a cause that he could not control, his effort would be more futile just in the degree that he was repudiated. It is impossible that the author of the article to which we refer should hereafter accept Parnell in any form or degree as a leader; and if that is true of Mr. McCarthy, it is of course true of a large, if not the larger, part of the old associates of Parnell.

Mr. McCarthy sees and states distinctly the key of the Irish situation, which is the English alliance. He does not entertain the question whether the result of the divorce case ought to have affected the situation, but as a practical politician he admits that it did affect it, and vitally. The policy of the party, he holds, must be necessarily determined by that fact, and as the English alliance would be destroyed by Parnell's leadership, Parnell must be discarded. His conduct since the trial also justifies and demands his dismissal. This is so true that the wonder is there should have been all the mysterious palavering in France, unless it were really supposed that Parnell was amenable to reason or common-sense. There is evidently some apprehension that, after all, he may get the better of his opponents and "come out ahead" —a feeling which is not without some justification in the long delay, during which Parnell, and not his opponents, has gained in popular prestige.

A USEFUL AND EASY CHARITY.

Every year it is our pleasant duty to remind our readers that when they have read this illustrated weekly journal, which we have the honor periodically to offer to them for their entertainment if not instruction, they may share the pleasure, if it be such, by dropping it into the box of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. This society is composed of ladies who in their own ease and comfort are not forgetful of the less fortunate, who, especially in hospitals and other public institutions, amid their weariness and suffering, are most grateful for the kindly gifts of reading and pictures which it costs so little time and care in this way to supply.

This society of good Samaritans is now sixteen years old. It has stimulated other similar agencies; but such wise and generous activity, by quickening the taste for reading, increases the demand, so that is it now greater than ever, a fact which is attested in touching and interesting letters from wardens and chaplains of the institutions. The diocese of this beautiful charity is bounded by no sectarian or geographical lines. It embraces first the city of New York, then the State, and then any part of the United States.

During the year 1890 the society distributed 4940 books, 14,870 magazines, 39,811 weekly and illustrated papers, and 131,993 daily papers among fifty-nine institutions, while it has been in correspondence with twenty-three others. These figures cannot convey any idea of the immense pleasure and consolation which would have been wholly lost except for these gifts of what otherwise would have been mere waste paper. The expenses of the charity are naturally very small; but any donations will be most thankfully received by Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street, and reading matter may be sent to the office, 21 University Place, and newspapers dropped in the boxes at many of the ferries and railroad stations.

MANDATES AND DEBATES.

Speaker Reed's views of the restriction of debate in Congress, to which we allude elsewhere, are certainly sound so far as they concern the ultimate purpose of a Congressional election, which, as he says, is primarily legislation and not talk. But he seems to us to forget that the parliamentary ideal is legislation by talk. There is really no middle ground. A Legislature discusses, or it merely registers an edict. The Speaker's article apparently regards an election as the issue of a "mandate" by the sovereign people as it would be issued by the sovereign king. In both cases it is a mandate to be promptly obeyed.

This is what is called a half-truth. It partakes of the error of "instructions" to a Senator, which imply that he is an agent or attorney, and not a representative. This is a fallacy in free government which Burke clearly exposed. No American Representative who understands a free government accepts instructions. He goes—holding views which are well known and which commend him to his constituency—to compare views with other Representatives like himself, for the purpose of promoting the public welfare by legislation. To this end ample deliberation and often prolonged discussion are indispensable. If such a man is in the minority, he cannot rightfully be silenced by the remark that Congress has received a mandate from the sovereign which must be executed.

The exact meaning of an election is not so clear and definite that it can be interpreted so rigidly. The election of 1888 may be assumed to have shown the country to be friendly to protection. But it cannot be interpreted to have been a mandate to pass the McKinley bill, except as having left the particular measure of protection to be decided by Congress. But that is merely to say that it desired Congress to pass only such a measure as upon careful deliberation and discussion should be approved by the majority. Undoubtedly the will of the majority should be enabled at last to prevail. But the restriction of debate is a matter of vital concern to the function of a Parliament, and should not be regarded as the abatement of a nuisance. Here, as elsewhere, much must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty. Measured by any fair standard, perhaps three-quarters of debate in Congress might be classified as talk. But that is the essential condition of a free Legislature. When the necessity of stopping it arises in order to enable the majority to legislate, the discretion and authority to stop may be wisely intrusted to a Speaker wholly independent of party ties. But would Mr Reed think it wise to intrust such discretion in a House divided by party to a party leader?

A RECENT DINNER.

A recent dinner, at which Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill sat at the table and exchanged compliments, has been treated as an event of great political significance, equivalent to a treaty of peace between hostile powers. But whatever the previous situation between the gentlemen may have been, it is not vitally affected by the fact that ex-President Cleveland praised the administration of Governor Hill, and congratulated him upon his election to the Senate, while Governor Hill praised the administration of President Cleveland, and professed to desire to model his public conduct upon that of the ex-President.

This mutual civility is interpreted by some commentators to mean that Governor Hill renounces all Presidential aspirations for 1892, and proposes to promote and support the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, while in consideration of this benevolence Mr. Cleveland, in the event of his election, will "hand over" the patronage in New York to Senator Hill, as President Harrison is understood to have handed it over to ex-Senator Platt. As such an understanding is highly improbable, the extreme significance of the dinner resides, presumptively, exclusively in the minds of such commentators.

Governor Hill's course will be determined, doubtless, by events as they arise. His acceptance of the Senatorship has awakened the bitterest animosity of some who have been his most aggressive adherents, and he sees no farther into the future than the rest of us. But had he wished it to be understood that he had withdrawn from the search for the Presidency, he would have left no doubt upon that point. Least of all would he have left it to be inferred from a few complimentary words at a dinner.

THE SILVER BILL.

The free silver bill can hardly pass the House; but should it do so, there seems to be no doubt that it would meet a veto. The consequences of a debased currency are so familiar to every student of finance, and have been historically so completely demonstrated, that it seems as impossible that they should not be popularly understood as the folly of what was called fiat paper money. But this feeling among intelligent men which has produced apparent indifference to the debate upon the bill in the Senate did not take account of the fact that the bill has been urged not so much from interest in silver as a currency as in silver as a commodity.

Mr. Schurz, in his admirable statement made in an interview with the *World*, said truly that there was not the great popular interest in the subject and the earnest demand for silver legislation which were alleged, but that the movement was rather the organized agitation of a local interest. This is unquestionably true. But the shrewd persistence and management of the interest, together with the exigencies of the political situation in the Senate, succeeded in securing the passage of the bill. It is another proof that it is never wise to underestimate an enemy of this kind, and a sound financial public opinion is belated in expressing itself

The bill, however, as we said, is probably doomed for this session. But although its passage by the new Democratic House would again encounter a veto, the Democratic position, judging by the party action, is favorable to the measure. Passed by a Democratic House, and vetoed by a Republican President, it would become a leading issue in the campaign of 1892, and as such it would make party lines very much more definite than they are now

POLICE MATRONS.

Senator Roesch, of Tammany Hall, has introduced a bill which makes the appointment of police matrons mandatory, and it has passed to a third reading, and will become a law, we hope, before this paper is published. Governor Hill did not object to the appointment of matrons, but he vetoed the bill of last year in order to give the local authorities the opportunity voluntarily to take action This they have refused to do, despite the willingness of some members of the Police Board and of the virtually unanimous demand of the press, and the Roesch bill, should it become a law, will leave them no alternative.

This excellent provision, which is morally certain to be adopted, even should some unexpected obstruction now intervene, will be a victory of the press. Except for its persistent and conclusive advocacy, the scheme would have perished with the refusal of the Police Board The happy and humane result is one of the minor triumphs of a force so constant that it is little remarked except as a convenient vehicle of news. Speaker Reed, in his late article on "A Deliberative Body," says very truly that the newspaper has largely taken the place of parliamentary and Congressional debate in the instruction of the country The *Congressional Record* is really a journal for newspapers, not for the general reader, and the newspaper debate rather than Congressional debate determines the election and consequent legislation.

The police matrons' law will be due to the newspapers, certainly not to the debates in the Legislature. The newspapers educate and arouse public opinion, and then represent that opinion to the Legislature. Individual newspapers often ludicrously and laughably praise themselves. But the press can hardly overestimate its own power.

PERSONAL.

Among the treasures in Mr. Lawton Coggeshall's gallery of marine paintings at Newport, Rhode Island, has recently been placed a full-length portrait in oil of Captain Robert Richard Randall, the founder of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island. Mr. Coggeshall had it painted on silk at Yokohama, Japan, as a tribute to the man who has done much for superannuated sailors.

—The lecture and literary fields seem to open to Senator Ingalls as the present term of his political life closes. He has received lucrative offers for a book covering his experiences in Congress, and for a series of lectures on some popular topic.

—The late Captain J. B. Thomas, of Boston, was probably the richest man in New England. He left an estate worth over $25,000,000, a large share of which had been acquired by real-estate investments in San Francisco and Brooklyn.

—Dr. William G. Ballantine, the recently elected President of Oberlin College, is about forty-two years old, and is a graduate of Marietta College and of Union Theological Seminary. He studied at Leipsic University a year, and has since held the chair of Natural History and Chemistry in Ripon College, Wisconsin, that of Greek in the University of Indiana, and the Professorship of Greek and Hebrew Exegesis at Oberlin. He has been engaged in Chautauqua work at the Summer School for several years, and is one of the editors of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

—Edward Lennon, the Irishman who has just died in New York at the age of one hundred and five years, carried a pike in the great Irish rebellion of 1798. He had papers in his possession proving his birth in County Derry, Ireland, in 1785.

—Nearly $181,000 has already been contributed to the John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

—Dr. Sullivan Whitney, the first American physician who manufactured homœopathic medicines, has just died at his home in Newtonville, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-three. He was graduated from Harvard Medical School nearly fifty years ago.

—Mr. A. M. Palmer gave a theatre performance recently in aid of a church debt. The Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of All-Saints, in Albany, was the church aided, and the benefit was given by the Madison Square Theatre Company, under Mr. Palmer's direction. The company stopped at Albany *en route* from Boston to New York, and their performance of *A Pair of Spectacles* was sufficiently well attended to do material service in reducing the debt.

—Louis Kossuth is reported to be in excellent health, in spite of his eighty-nine years. He works at his desk eight hours a day, and seeks recreation afterward in a game of billiards. He is still at work on his memoirs, and is about to publish the fourth volume, describing the Polish rising of 1864.

—Mrs. Abbott, the mother of the late prima donna, objects so decidedly to the fulfilment of her daughter's wish to have her body cremated that it still remains in the receiving vault at Graceland Cemetery, Chicago.

—Benjamin H. Currier, of Boston, has administered the obligation oath to bench officers for sixty years. Mr. Currier is ninety-four years old.

—Elsie Leslie, the child actress, is ill with diphtheria, which developed from a cold she caught while playing in Brooklyn, and she will probably be kept off the stage for several weeks.

—The late King Kalakaua was a Mason, and had attained the thirty-third degree.

—Colonel Andrew Derrom, who was in command of a New Jersey volunteer company during the civil war, is said to be the only man alive in this country who ever saw Lord Byron. Colonel Derrom met the poet in Greece in 1824, when the latter was devoting himself to the cause of Greek independence.

—James Parton, whose age and long term of service would seem to entitle him to rest, is loath to lay down his pen, and still works six hours a day at his desk in his Newburyport (Massachusetts) home.

—Wilson Noble, the member of Parliament for Hastings, England, and the son-in-law of R. H. Dana, Jun., of Boston, the author of *Two Years before the Mast*, has been left an allowance of $30,000 a year by his father, John Noble, the varnish manufacturer. By an eccentric provision of the will, this income is to be reduced $10.000 if the son ever fails of election to Parliament.

—Rev. F. A. Farley, of Brooklyn, New York, becomes, by the death of the historian Bancroft, the oldest living graduate of Harvard. He was graduated in 1818, and is ninety years old.

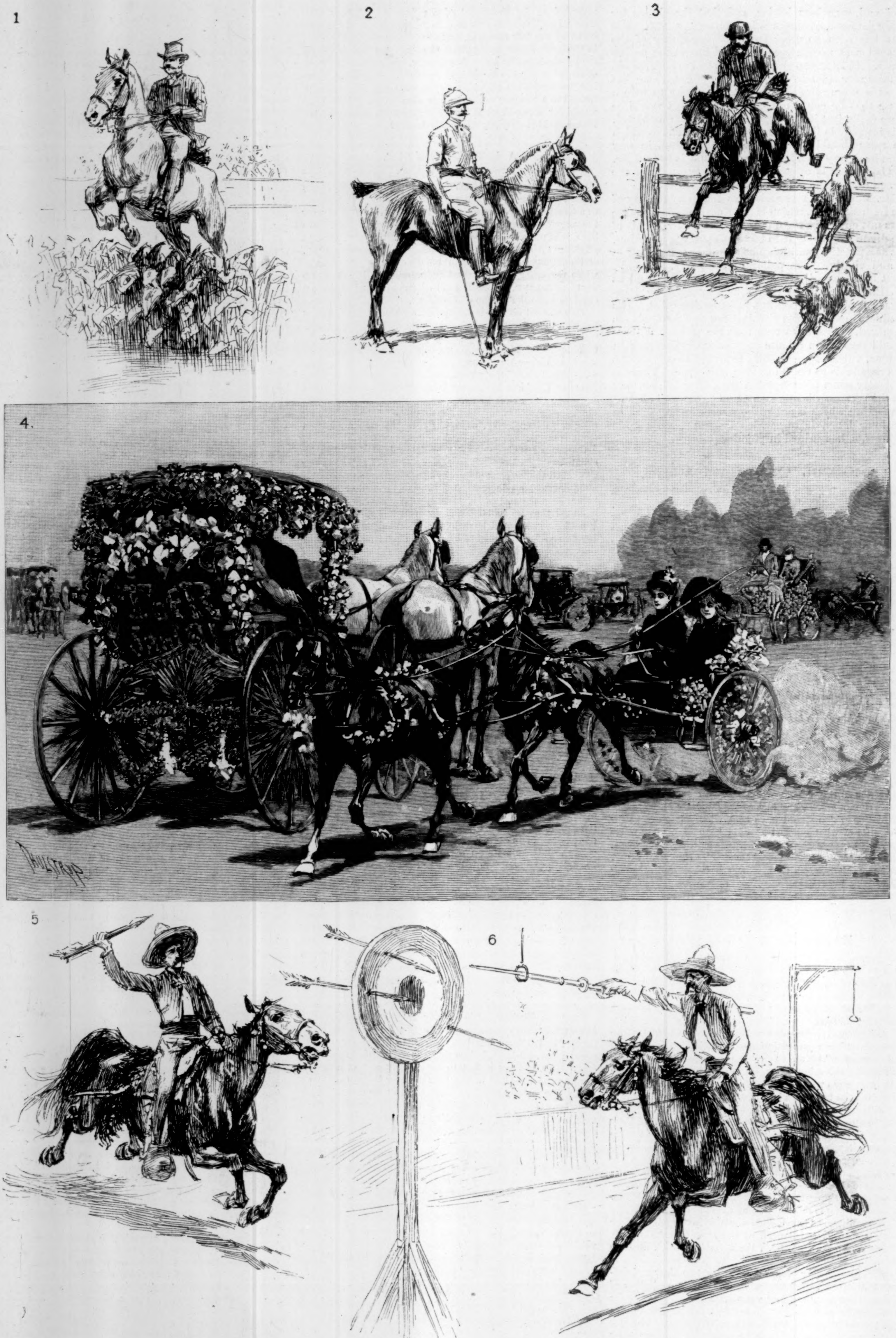
—Judge Anson G. Miller, one of Abraham Lincoln's most intimate friends when the two were young men and practised law together, has just died at his home in Santa Cruz County, California.

—One of England's most popular statesmen, Sir Henry James, has been practically shelved by being elevated to the House of Lords as a Life Peer and Lord of Appeal. He was offered the Lord High Chancellorship, with a salary of $50,000 a year, and a peerage, by Mr. Gladstone in 1886, but declined it because he did not believe in home-rule.

—The body of the extremely rich and eccentric Duke of Bedford, whose recent sudden taking off caused a sensation in England, was incinerated in a crematory built especially for this one cremation.

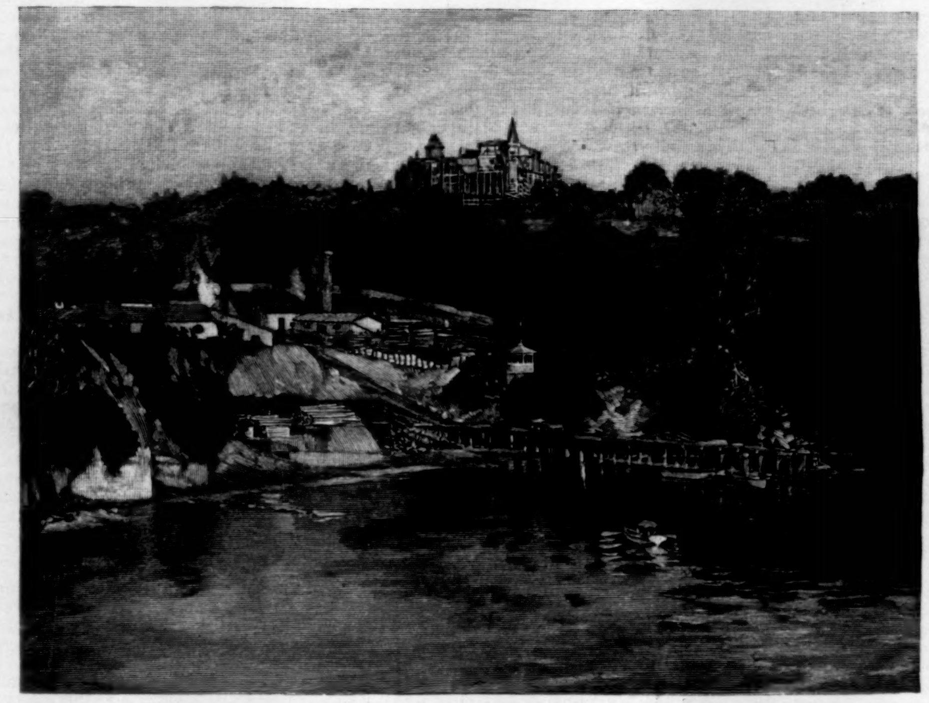
—Congress has passed a resolution authorizing George H. Skidmore, United States Vice-Consul-General at Kanagawa, Japan, to accept a silver medal presented to him by the Emperor of Japan for saving a Japanese subject from death by drowning.

—The serious illness of Mr. G. W. Smalley has forced his retirement, temporarily at least, from the place of London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. While he is convalescing in the south of France, Henry W. Lucy, formerly editor of the London *Daily News*, and also known as "Toby, M. P.," of *Punch*, will prove a very acceptable substitute; but the readers of the *Tribune* will undoubtedly welcome the return of "G. W. S.," many of whose letters have been collected and published in book form by Harper & Brothers.

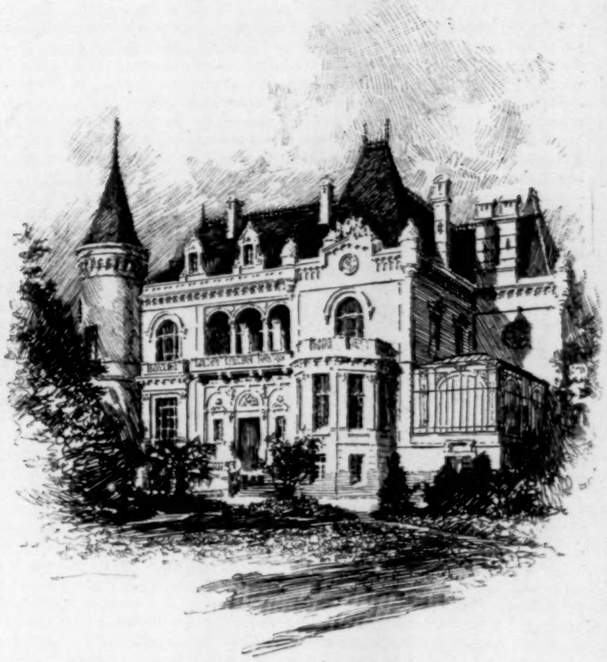


THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.—Drawn ay T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 126.]

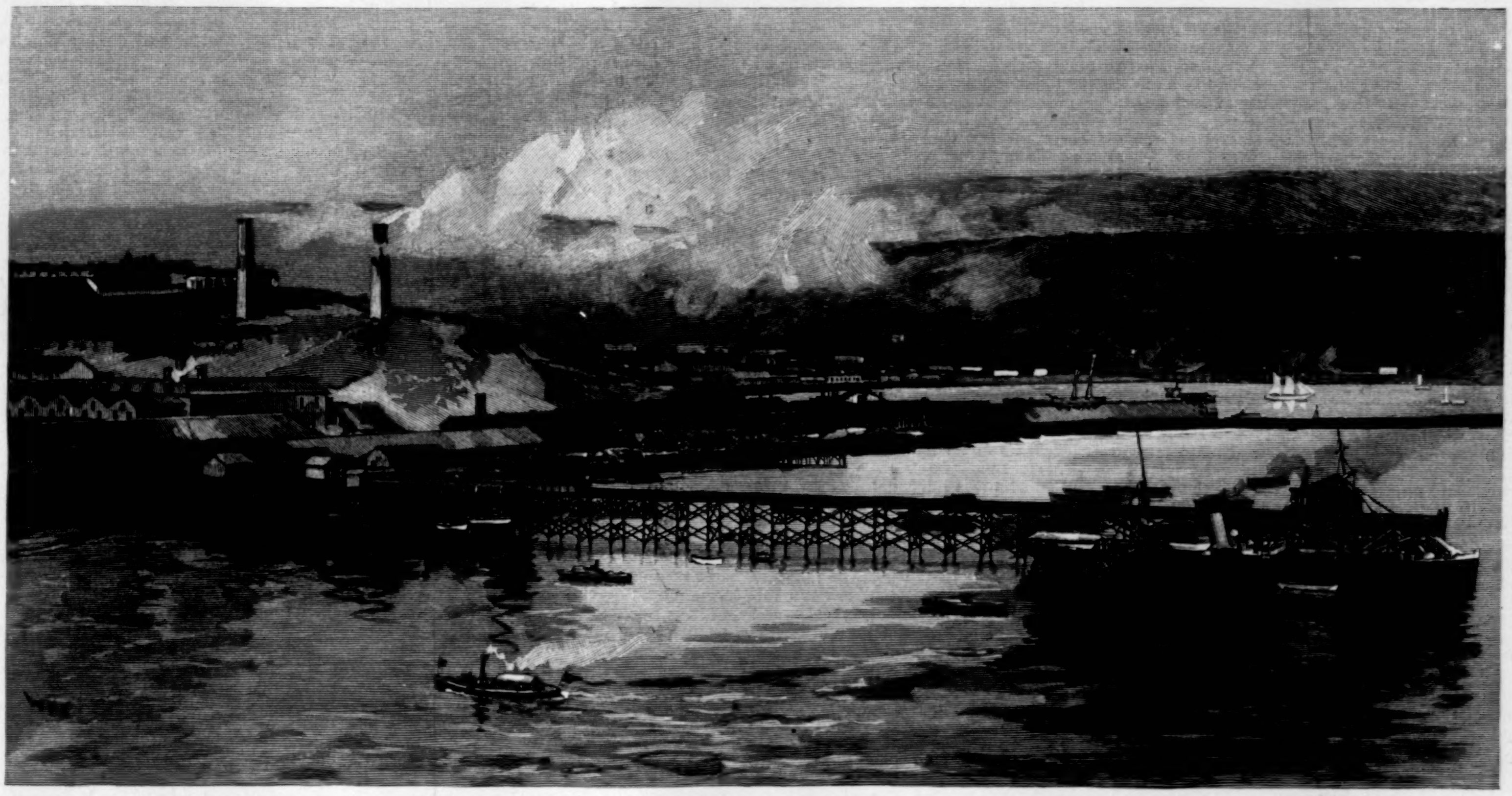
1. Taking a Calla Hurdle. 2. A Polo Player. 3. A Hurdle Race against Greyhounds. 4. Some of the Decorated Carriages. 5. Casting the Javelin. 6. Riding at the Rings.



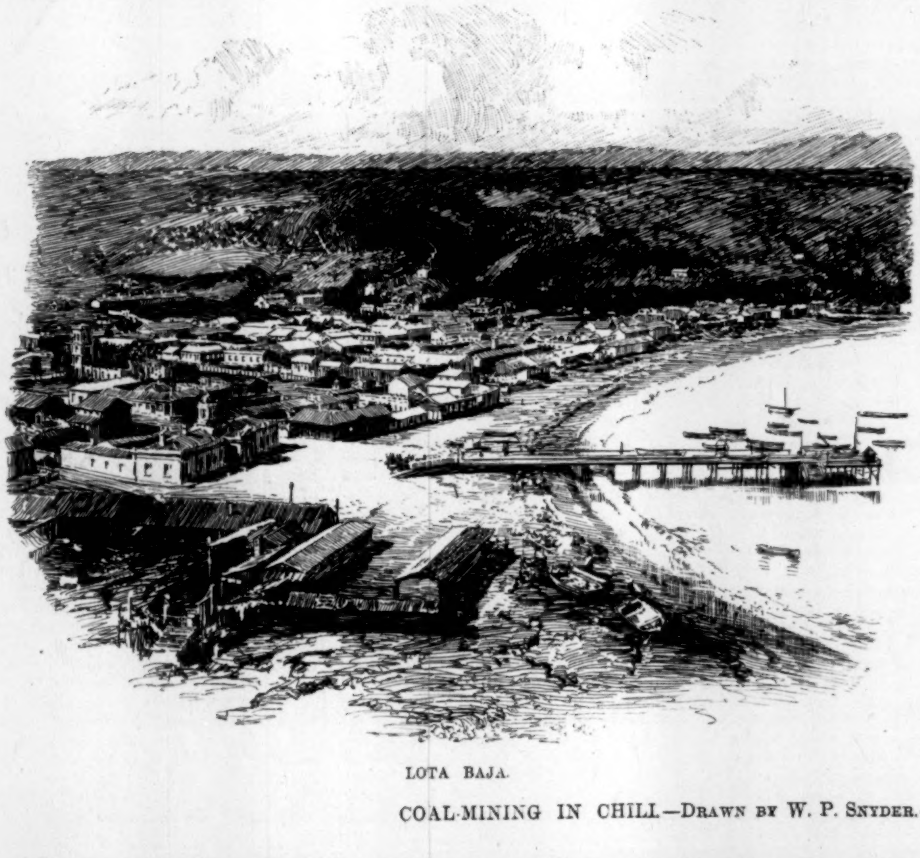
BAHIA CHAMBIQUE, LOTA.



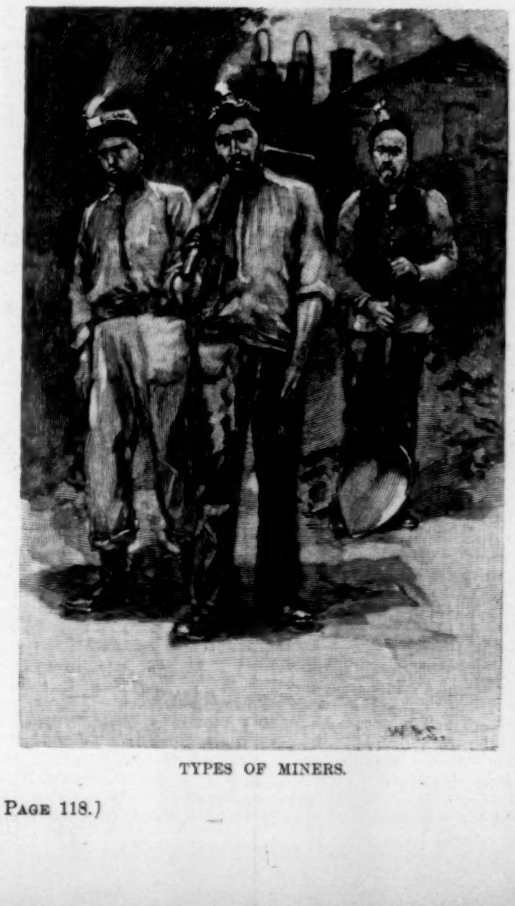
THE COUSIÑO HOUSE, LOTA.



LOTA—THE SMELTING-WORKS AND MOLE.



LOTA BAJA.



TYPES OF MINERS.

COAL-MINING IN CHILI.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 118.]

COAL-MINING IN CHILI.

BY THEODORE CHILD.[*]

While travelling in the Chilian agricultural zone I made a point of visiting the coal district which lies along the coast, and, as luck would have it, I made the trip in pleasant company. One evening at Concepcion I was spending an hour in the fencing-school of Professor X., who had recently arrived from France, and established himself in a most unexpected manner in that Southern capital—who would have thought of finding a French fencing-master in a provincial town in Chili?—when a boy came from the hotel to tell me that I was wanted at the telephone.

"Hello! hello!" I cried against the vibrator. "Con quien hablo?"

"Don Ricardo," replied a well-known voice.

"What? Don Ricardo? Are you talking from Talcahuano?"

"Yes. I am at the club. We have been dining together, the consul, Don Julio, and myself. We want to go to Lota with you."

"*Bueno, amigo,*" I replied; "*con mucho gusto.* Come up by the eight-o'clock express in the morning, and I will be at the station."

"All right. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

The gentleman in question was a member of the Chilian Chamber of Deputies, the consul of a great European power, and a Cornishman who has become a Chileno by length of residence. This matter having been thus arranged, I went to look up the engineer of the Arauco Railway Company, to ask him to oblige me by placing at our disposal a hand-car to cross the famous long bridge over the Biobio River, for at that time, although completed, this section of the line was awaiting the very tardy approval of the Chilian government officials. My request was promptly granted, and I retired to rest, always a little surprised to reflect that these telephonic and other incidents were happening in latitude 36° 50′ south.

The following morning we started gayly, and passed the Biobio bridge with interest, for it measures 1864 metres, and is, I believe, the longest bridge in the world, except those over the Tay and the Forth, and a wooden bridge over the Oxus built by General Annenkoff. It comprises 62 spans, carried on pairs of tubular columns, the conical bases of which have been driven deep into the sandy bed of the stream. At the end of the bridge we found ourselves at San Pedro, a little encampment composed of cane huts and sheds, with corrugated iron roofs. One of these sheds formed the railway station, and another was dignified by the name of "restaurant." As the train for Lota did not start for an hour, we directed our steps toward the restaurant, intending to breakfast. But to my astonishment the Deputy suggested champagne and bitters to begin with, and the proprietor of the restaurant without hesitation produced two half-bottles of real Heidsieck, whereupon I declared Chili to be truly a wonderful country. Were we not on the edge of a wilderness, in the province of Arauco, in the territory recently held by the indomitable Indians? Was not this restaurant a mere shanty? Why these unexpected evidences of extreme civilization? My friends assured me that such is the normal condition of modern Chili, and with this explanation I remained satisfied and breakfasted in peace.

The line on which we were travelling belongs to English capitalists. It is called the Arauco Company (Limited), and will run from Concepcion to Los Rios de Curanilahue, a distance of 96 kilometres, carrying goods and passengers, but principally coal. The company owns a coal bed, beginning at kilometre 66, and continuing to the end of the line, a distance of 30 kilometres. The journey offers no particular interest, as far as concerns scenery. The land is arid, and produces only scrub and low thorn-trees, good for making charcoal; there is no irrigation, and therefore no agriculture, until we reach Coronel, on the bay of Arauco, and a little beyond Coronel, Lota, with its verdant woods climbing up the hill-side, and contrasting strangely with the smoking chimney stacks and the barren coast around. The oasis is, however, entirely artificial; it is the park of Lota surrounding the elegant château which Señora Cousiño is now building for herself on the bluff that commands a view of the Pacific, of the bay, and of the vast establishments owned by the Cousiño family along the shore.

We are here in the heart of the Chilian coal district. Lota is the place where the first coal was obtained when Don Matias Cousiño established the industry in 1855. At first some difficulty was experienced in introducing the coal into the market, there being a prejudice against it on account of the quality. Lota coal is 15 to 20 per cent. inferior to English steam coal; it is a substance between lignite and true coal, and belongs to the lower tertiary formation. In the Lota district the coal seams lie principally under the sea, but further south they are found more inland. The limits of this coal bed are Tome, in Concepcion Bay, on the north, and Cañete on the south, the whole length of the Chilian coal field being about 100 miles. The stratifications all incline toward the west. At Lota there are three workable seams. The first seam is about one metre thick, then comes a layer of shale and sandstone 35 metres thick, with below it the second seam, also about a metre thick, and then below another nine-metre layer of shale and sandstone comes the third and finest seam, 1.60 metres in thickness. The best Lota coal is extracted from below the sea, where the quality is more regular and the seams have fewer faults. The greatest depth of her submarine galleries is 280 metres.

Five pits are now being worked by the Cousiño Company, with a daily output of from 800 to 1000 tons, and an annual production of 180,000 to 220,000 tons. From 1500 to 2000 miners are employed; they work 12 hours a day, and earn from 80 cents to $1 75, Chilian paper currency. The coal-hewers are paid so much a truck. The workmen have free lodging and free water on the estate, each family receiving two rooms, rent free, in good brick houses, constructed with due regard to hygiene. The miners' homes number about 400, which gives an average of two inmates for each room.

The lowest pit has a vertical depth of 280 metres, and the pit, which is entirely under the sea, has a maximum depth of 230 metres, attained by an inclined plane 900 metres long, up and down which the trucks are run by means of an endless chain. This pit gives a daily output of 350 tons, and the head of the inclined plane, which you see sinking gradually into darkness, is one of the busiest spots in Chili, and one of the nosiest also, for the chain rattles incessantly, the trucks are swung up with a rush and a bang over an iron platform, and the empties hitched on to the chain, and sent crashing back again into the bowels of the earth with terrific and deafening rapidity. In this submarine pit there is a good deal of gas and fire-damp, so that the miners use safety-lamps, but in the vertical land pits there is very little gas, and the men carry little tin lamps with open, flaming wicks, fixed on the front of their caps. These caps are made of leather and ornamented with round-headed brass nails in the best designs that the owner can invent. One of the characteristic sights of Lota is to see the miners walking home after nightfall, in Indian file or in groups of two or three, with their lamps in their caps burning brightly and suggesting fire-flies. Our illustration will give an idea of some of these worthy fellows, who are true Chilenos, having the vices and the qualities of the race—intelligence, improvidence, and intemperance. About two-thirds of the miners at Lota are permanent workers; the remaining third work in the mines eight months out of the twelve, and the other four they become agricultural hands, both for the sake of a change and in order to profit by the higher pay obtained during harvest-time. After the Christmas pay-day many of the men leave the mines and take a change of air. This fact is an interesting proof of the versatility of the Chilians; they can turn their hands to anything. The miners live well and eat soup, beef, potatoes, and white bread, but they drink only coffee and water while they are at work. This diet costs about $15 a month, and as the average monthly earnings are $24 to $25, the miner has a balance of $9 to $10 for clothes, luxuries, and jollification. They are paid by the month, and after pay-day they get drunk for several days, sing, and dance the "cueca." Amongst the Lota miners you see many pure Spanish types, and on the whole there is much less Indian blood visible than there is in the more northern provinces, and although as a class the Lota miners are far from handsome, still you do occasionally meet one with regular, well-formed features of a pronounced and recognizable type, whereas amongst the hybrid "peones" this is not the case.

The miners on the Lota establishment are well treated, and their lot is infinitely preferable to that of the average Chilian workmen. The mines are well ventilated; all the machinery for winding and blowing is excellent; when the men are sick a fine and charmingly situated hospital is ready to receive them and treat them gratis; while besides the four government schools in Lota itself, there are two schools on the Cousiño estate, attended by some 200 children. The whole population of Lota, including both the upper and lower towns, is about 14,000, and the whole number of children attending school between 500 and 600.

The Lota establishment is officially known under the title of the Compania Exploradora de Lota y Coronel, the company having been formed some years ago by Don Luis Cousiño, son of the founder, Don Matias; but all the shares are owned by the family, so that it is really equivalent to a private enterprise. The clear profits for the year 1889 were, I am informed, $1,200,000 (Chilian). The estate, running in a narrow band along the sea-shore, occupies a superficies of about one square mile, and includes, besides the five mines at Lota and the Buen Retiro Mine north of Coronel, smelting-works, glass-works, brick-works, all provided with machinery and means of transport, namely, 15 steam-engines, 3 air-compressors, 7 compressed-air pumps, 4 locomotives, several hundred trucks, and 4 kilometres of railway, which bring the various departments into communication with two moles in Lota Bay, one mole for ships and the other for lighters. The company has four steamers of from 800 to 1200 tons burden, and several sailing ships, which carry coal north to supply the Pacific ports, and return south with a cargo of copper ore for the Lota smelting-works, which were established originally to use up the slack from the mines at a time when Chili coal had not yet obtained a regular market.

The smelting-works, whose chimneys are carried by a tunnel deep into the hill-side, and find an issue in the two tall stacks that vomit forth incessant volumes of yellowish-white smoke, beclouding the landscape, and producing effects which would have captivated the painter Turner, well repay a visit. They are the largest in Chili, and consist of a long series of brown sheds covering furnaces from which molten metal rolls forth in dazzling rivulets of fire; heaps of ore; piles of bar copper; enormous blast pipes stretching overhead from point to point; cyclopean kettles on wheels, otherwise known as converters; trucks running to and fro; iron baskets full of burning slag emitting sulphurous vapors and feeble tongues of blue flame. These works give employment to 600 men, and when in full swing they turn out 1000 tons of copper a month, mostly by the usual processes of furnace calcination. Thus there are 7 furnaces of 2½ tons capacity each, for treating the raw ore and producing regulus of 50 per cent. copper. This regulus then requires to be crushed and calcined, for which purpose there are 14 calcining furnaces, and finally 9 furnaces for making bar copper of 97 per cent. nominal and 96 per cent. guaranteed.

Besides the usual smelting processes, the Lota works are beginning to employ the Manhès converters, which are the cyclopean kettles noticed above, invented by David Manhès, of Iquilles, near Lyons. Three of these Manhès converters are in operation at Lota since the beginning of last year, and three others are being built. The Manhès converter is simply an application of the Bessemer-steel process to the production of bar copper. Regulus containing 50 per cent. copper is run into the kettle hot from the furnace, then blast is thrown on to the mass, and after about two hours' blowing the metal can be run out into bars of 99½ per cent. pure copper. The converter dispenses with calcination and the other ordinary processes of converting regulus into bar copper, which is a matter of some thirty-six hours; it economizes time, labor, and fuel, and produces a purer and richer copper. On the other hand, it requires great care and attention, for if the regulus is overblown or underblown the result is compromised. There seems, too, to be considerable difficulty in keeping the blast holes open; the moment the copper begins to run, it sinks by its own weight, and tends to clog the air-holes, which therefore require to be continually probed with iron rods during the operation.

The Lota glass-works is the only establishment of the kind in Chili; it is furnished with Siemens gas furnaces, and turns out about 100,000 bottles a month, besides various articles, such as telegraph insulators. In glass-blowing and furnace-work 80 men and boys are employed.

The brick-works produce building and fire bricks, gas-retorts, flower-pots, drain-pipes, and tiles; they employ 150 men and boys, and turn out about 2,000,000 bricks a year. The only fire-clay hitherto discovered in Chili is found at Lota, below the lower and main coal seam.

Besides the above sections we must mention a general machine and work shop, or maestranza, where 80 men are employed attending to repairs, making tools, etc.

Altogether the Lota establishment, with its various branches, gives employment to some 3000 people. The coal mines are the most extensive in Chili. No other mines reach the output of 180,000 to 220,000 tons, which is the annual average at Lota. The output of the other principal mines in the Chilian coal field may be estimated as follows: the Schwager mines, at Coronel, 70,000 tons; Rojas mines, at Coronel, 30,000 tons; the Errazuris mines, at Lebu, 40,000 tons; and the Arauco Company, 30,000 tons. This last company is, however, greatly increasing its output. The total annual production of coal in Chili may be estimated at 400,000 tons, and about 250,000 to 300,000 tons are imported from England and Australia. Lota coal brings $10 (Chilian) placed on board in Lota Bay, and is used for steaming, gas, and smelting. The government official statistics state that in 1888 the export of Chilian coal amounted to 128,386 metric tons, having a value of $1,314,259 (Chilian).

A final note.—With the exception of the manager of the maestranza, who is a German, the heads of the various departments at Lota are all English; several of them, it is true, born in Chili, but still English in language, habits, and genius.

We spent two days inspecting the industrial marvels of Lota, and enjoying the hospitality of various obliging gentlemen, whom we found admirably provided with the necessaries and luxuries of existence. We were also requested to feel at home in the club-house at Lota, which once more excited my surprise by the relative completeness of its appointments. Veracity obliges me to state that one of the most important features in Chilian clubs is the bar-room. As for the town of Lota itself, there is nothing particular to be said except that upper Lota, with its neat villas surrounded by gardens, reminds one of an English sea-side town. I cannot, however, leave the place without devoting a few lines to the Cousiño house and park, which is one of the show-places of Chili, and certainly one of the most beautiful gardens in the whole world. The house, which is still in construction, is a reminiscence of some of the most charming châteaux of Touraine. It stands on the summit of a bluff jutting out into the sea between the bay of Lota and the bay of Coronel, commanding a magnificent view on three sides over the ocean, and on the fourth side over woods and gardens. This bluff is entirely covered with trees and flowers right down to the water's edge, and is laid out with many miles of paths that wind capriciously up and down, over bridges, along terraces overhanging the sea, through grottoes and cascades and trellised passages radiant with the splendid red bell flowers of the Copivia or Lapageria rosa, with which the Chilian ladies deck their hair so effectively. Never have I seen such abundance and variety of flowers as in this garden, or a finer and completer collection of the trees and shrubs of North and South America. The park of Lota, the result of twenty years' assiduous attention, needs only a catalogue to be one of the best botanical gardens in the world, as it is certainly the most picturesque, for certainly no other garden or park exists so favorably situated, and where advantage can be taken at every step of introducing a water view into the flowery landscape.

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[*] Following an interesting illustrated article by Theodore Child on "The Nitrate Desert of Tarapacá," published in Harper's Weekly for September 13, 1890.

COASTING.

Although the popularity of the toboggan appears to have been on the wane for the past year or two, the residents of that charming suburban district known as the Oranges continue enthusiastic. Indeed, the slide of the Essex County Club has not been so patronized since its construction as this season. Even Canada, the home of the sport, has this year turned its shoulder—and a cold one, too—on tobogganing in favor of skating, and Montreal, where there were formerly half a dozen public slides and quite a number of private ones, has not opened a single chute. Why the sport should have languished in Canada, where there is every natural and physical advantage for its perpetuation, is a bit puzzling. The reason for its deterioration in the United States is not so difficult to understand. Uncertain winters, cost of construction and maintenance, and the discountenancing of it by that inimitable genius the small boy, who has always regarded it as a usurper of the especial domain where he and his sled hold undisputed sway. As we grow older we are inclined to be fickle in our pursuit of recreation, and a bit lazy as well. The steam displaces the sailing yacht; shinny, or hockey, as the English have it, gives way to polo; the toboggan drives the sled from the hill; but, true to his first and indeed only love, for the sled has never been forsaken, the small boy discerns the ring of true sport with an intuition that is wellnigh infallible, and he does not desert the coasting hill.

Coasting! Ah, there indeed is sport! Even as I pen this, sitting high up in the stuffy atmosphere of our dirty city, where the rattle and din of trucks and elevated railway cars ordinarily make thinking almost an impossibility, I am impervious, for I am back to my early boyhood days, and sent forth, well bundled up and with many a loving maternal admonition, to the first trial trip on my new sled, a very low affair shod with round iron, and the front projecting into two formidable points that undoubtedly fathered its characteristic if not cultured name of "pig-sticker." I well remember it was the latest production in sled-craft at that day, and the only one in the neighborhood of my residence. It was remarkably fast, and the quantity of sweetmeats and other boyish lures offered for its loan would have probably kept me on my back all the following summer. I condole with that man who in later years is unable to recall the mingled feeling of affectionate ownership and joyous anticipation with which the small boy clasps the sled to his breast preparatory to a trip down hill. A momentary expression of surprise and even regret may overspread his countenance at the shock as, after a short run, he launches himself forward, and lands some six or eight feet from the starting-point, but face downward, about the only point of contact being in the region of the waistband of his breeches, but distress rapidly fades away as the exhilaration of plunging down hill head foremost makes itself felt throughout his being.

Like the toboggan, its more pretentious but less popular fellow, the upholstered bob of to-day is the evolution of a very modest affair It probably owed its existence to the sociability of some youngster, who, finding that his sled was not equal to his demands, combined interests with a chum, and, together with the latter's sled, a long board, and a king-bolt, produced what, if patented, would have made their fortunes. The early days of the sled do not seem to have created as much interest as those of the toboggan. I doubt if we have traced its origin to such a certainty, or rather have recorded its first appearance so accurately. We know the toboggan of earliest history was a strip of tree bark five or six feet in length, turned up at the forward end to prevent it from cutting and ploughing into the snow, and that it came to us from the North-American Indians. So likewise, undoubtedly, the sled was with our forefathers in the good old colony days an implement of necessity. Some impish youngster probably scampered off one Sunday morning with the family sled, that paterfamilias had dragged home the preceding night with the week's provisions, and very likely the first slide down hill was as unexpected as it was joyous. Certain it is that the sport in the New England and Middle States has been enjoyed time out of mind.

Until about ten years ago coasting was more or less disorganized, and pretty well monopolized by the small boy. Trips to the carnival and toboggan slides of Montreal bore fruit, however, and about '80 coasting clubs began forming in a few favored towns along the Hudson River. In New England, where the sport has undoubtedly a stronger hold than elsewhere, there has never been any especial necessity for clubs, for the indulgence is more general, and in every town during the season the best hill is duly set aside by the Aldermen for the exclusive use of the bob, or "traverse," as they call it in Vermont. In '84 the sporting fever resulted in the construction of a toboggan slide in Saratoga, the first in the country, but it failed at once to take the edge off coasting. A little later, when Utica, Albany, Orange, Boston, and New York put up slides, that were speedily followed by a number of private ones, the sled was pretty generally deserted, and the small boy once again reigned supreme and alone. The year of '87, however, practically saw the close of the toboggan craze, and since that time coasting, with a few isolated exceptions, has occupied the attention of winter sportsmen. It has been practically also in the past few years that the bob has reached its greatest development, and I may say incidentally increased the element of danger very materially.

There are some things in this world that the average man believes he can do as well as another, and guiding a bob is one of them. As a matter of fact, I recall no single sport that requires greater experience or more dispassionate judgment. Every one that gets on a bob behind an indifferent or nervous guidesman virtually takes his chances of life along with him. To the layman I may seem to portray the situation with more emphasis than it demands. But this is not so, and it is the insignificance attached to the matter that has caused in nine cases out of ten the deplorable accidents, news of which has now and again been sent broadcast by that band of chronic grumblers who protest against others participating in what they fail to enjoy.

I have coasted in this country in about every place where the sport is practicable, and am sorry to say have seen many accidents, but I recall only one or two that did not result directly from criminal carelessness or ignorance. In the first place, comparatively few attach sufficient importance to the great force with which a loaded bob shoots down hill. If you were to ask them to imagine the speed that a sled loaded with a ton of coal would attain, and the difficulty of steering lest a rut send it over or a sudden turn twist it to one side, it might dawn upon them that a bob loaded with from ten to fifteen and even twenty people is at least as formidable. Coasting is undoubtedly the most exhilarating and fascinating of sports, even more so than tobogganing, for while in the latter case speed is attained quicker, the sled shortly overtakes and greatly distances its rival. It can never, however, obtain the favor it should enjoy among the better element of sportsmen and women until they have a clear practical conception of its dangers, and the necessity of disassociating the sport of to-day from the hap-hazard, happy-go-lucky sliding down hill of our forefathers.

The first skates were huge unwieldy affairs, about two feet long, with a toe that lost itself in an elaborate curl reaching midway to the knee; locomotion was the limit of the possibilities of these primitive affairs. The first ice-yachts, or rather boats—scows would probably more appropriately describe them—were very simple contrivances, a species of combined sail-boat and sled, that invested the sport with a questionable degree of pleasure. To-day ice-yachting, as shown by the fine fleet on the Hudson, of which Mr. John A. Roosevelt is the commodore, is a sport fit for kings, while the yachts are built and managed on scientific lines. How then with our coasting, that holds forth as much pleasure as any of them? Although it has been elaborated with upholstered plank, patent brakes, etc., the bob of to-day is practically the same that the small boy and his chum constructed many years ago.

To begin with, under no consideration should a hill in town be used, unless the entire route is lighted and men are stationed at every cross street. If there are trees on the line, a mound of well-packed snow should be built on the inside of every one, to throw off the front runners should a collision result from the steerer losing control. In the absence of snow, hay can always be obtained. I have no doubt the every-day reckless coaster will receive these suggestions as well meant but over-careful. I refer him to the long list of horrible accidents from crashing into trees and wagons; moreover, I am talking of what must come, *i. e.*, coasting as an organized sport, with course, management, etc., equal to the toboggan clubs. The cause of many accidents in road coasting is the sliding of the bob from the centre to the curb, or the striking of a rut or bump, which is pretty apt to give a twist to the front runners as they are thrown into the air, which, bringing them down at an angle, be it ever so small, sends the sled on an erratic course very difficult to overcome without an upset, or sometimes much worse.

Fifteen hundred pounds, distributed in an area of, say, ten feet long and two feet wide, travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is very cranky on the rudder. There are one or two methods, I believe, to clear the way of all obstacles, and leave the sport free of the dangers that now beset it. Accidents, except those from a collision with road-crossing wagons, come from losing control of the sled, consequent upon the steering apparatus failing to respond properly. Bobs are shod with either flat or round iron—chiefly flat, I believe—and nothing but weight keeps them from sliding sideways If the runners were of steel and made a right angled triangle, the hypothenuse facing out, there would be grip upon the surface of the iced snow that would enable the steerer to retain absolute control. The steering gear should be made with a great deal of care, for it means either safety or destruction to the passengers. Don't have any foot-steering apparatus; the legs are strong enough, but not sufficiently quick, or the muscles so susceptible of control as those of the arms. Eschew also hand-made wooden affairs. The steering bob should work on a plate similar to the arrangement of the rear wheels on a hook and ladder fire truck; there should be cogwheels and a well-made upright bar, to which the steering wheel is attached. Don't tolerate a crossbar; the wheel should be used invariably. There are dozens of brakes, fancy and primitive, but I have never yet discovered or heard of one that equals the simple block of wood attached to the bob by a chain, and dropped in front of the rear runners when occasion demands. You are about in the same relative position with the brake as is the frontiers-man with his revolver. When you need it, you want it badly, and it must be instantaneous in application and effective in result. Bobs should never be longer than from eight to ten feet; and by all means avoid getting the greatest weight on the back, for it has the same effect as loading the stern of a row-boat and throwing the bow into the air. The steerer of necessity must sit back a little, and in order to keep weight over the front runners, have the plank extended far enough to seat one man in front of the steering wheel. A bob made on this plan, and manned by an experienced, cool-headed coaster, is as safe as a toboggan.

Philadelphia probably goes in for coasting more than any other city, the numerous hills of its suburbs making the best of sport possible. New York is at a disadvantage in this respect; but along the Hudson there are opportunities galore. To such an extent has the interest in the sport been aroused, that many of our wealthy sportsmen reverse the order of fashionable life, and take a cottage for the winter in some of the towns along the river, holding a merry carnival with their friends so long as the snow flies. A little more organization and common-sense in the sport, and we shall see coasting in the zenith of popularity.

NEW LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

The new library building of the University of Pennsylvania, which was formally opened on February 7th, is an imposing structure of red brick and stone, the effect of which is heightened by its advantageous position in the complex of university buildings at the intersection of Woodland Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. The architects are Messrs. Furness, Evans, & Co., who have reason to feel proud of the result of their work, both as to exterior and, more especially, interior arrangement. The design of the building is unique, and may best be described as a combination of Gothic and French types, which, while not altogether harmonious, yet produces on the whole a very pleasing effect.

Particular care has been directed toward adapting the interior arrangement to library purposes; and in perfecting their plans the university authorities have availed themselves of the experience of well-known librarians, and it will be generally admitted that in this respect the new edifice will stand as a model for future constructions of this character.

The building may be divided into two parts: the tower, 95 feet high, with the extension in amphitheatrical form, in all 140 × 80 feet, on the one side; and the glass-covered "stack," 32 × 110 feet, on the other. Passing through the handsome entrance at the centre, we come into the spacious hall, to the right of which is the wardrobe, while to the left the space under the imposing staircase has been fitted up as a meeting-room for university societies. Crossing the hall we enter the main reading-room, again divided into two sections: the one, 40 × 42 feet, with an uninterrupted space to the roof, a height of about 60 feet; the other, an extension in semicircular form, 40 × 54 feet, terminating in six alcoves, 12 × 18 feet. In addition to these, there is a larger alcove at the side, lighted by windows. The walls of the reading-room are finished in brick, relieved by numerous terra-cotta pillars and arched windows. Two archways, supported by columns, separate the front of the reading-room from the back, which is set aside more particularly for the students, while the alcoves are devoted to periodicals, seminary purposes, and private work.

A feature of these alcoves is the strong light which is let in through a skylight. The smaller reading-room receives its light from the semicircular row of windows at a height of about twenty feet, while in the larger room ample provision for light is made by a row of windows on one side and a large skylight in the centre. At the one end, and immediately adjoining the entrance to the reading-room, is the receiving desk, from which there is the entrance to the book-stacks immediately behind, while further to the left is situated the librarian's office, a cozy little apartment, that again communicates with the cataloguing-room; the latter, 16 × 60 feet, is in reality an extension beyond the reading-room, and, like the alcoves, it receives its light from the top. The separation between the cataloguing-room and the reading-room is formed by an elaborate series of cases of 63 drawers, containing the catalogue cards of the library, one case being devoted to an arrangement of cards according to subjects, the other to a duplicate arrangement according to authors. A feature of the cases is that they may be pulled out in either direction, and can thus be consulted as conveniently by the clerks in the cataloguing-room as by the readers in the reading-room. The long wall of the cataloguing-room has accommodations for 6000 volumes, while in the basement beneath there is a store-room with accommodations for 15,000. A delivery-room in the basement, with a separate entrance from the street, communicates with the cataloguing-room by means of an elevator. As rapidly as the books are catalogued, they are placed on trucks and rolled into the book-stack.

Passing from the receiving-room into the latter, the visitor is struck by the novel features for the accommodation of books; you almost fancy yourself in a glass palace, for wherever one looks—the ceiling, the flooring, and the upper part of the walls—one sees nothing but glass. Running the length of the building are the shelves, conveniently divided into rows, each accommodating about 5400 volumes, besides shelves along the ends, which give a total capacity of 100,000 volumes for the ground-floor. The basement beneath, which is at present set aside for newspaper, pamphlet, and periodical collections, is equally spacious, while everything is in readiness to raise three stories of glass flooring whenever required above the ground-floor, and without materially affecting the light of the latter and of the basement. The total capacity would thus reach over 350,000 volumes, with the further possibility of extending the stack itself through the exterior wall indefinitely. The construction—glass and iron—is entirely fire-proof; and cut off, as the stack is, from the rest of the building by two walls of brick, with an air space between, it will be seen that the protection for the books is as ample as can be contrived. A unique feature in the construction of the glass floor consists in the fitting of the glass aisles within rolled star bars of iron supported on iron beams. The stacks resting upon the star bars, the tops are so constructed as to permit the same plan to be carried out in the erection of a second story. Distributed in the stack space are a number of tables for the convenience of those who in special cases require to work in the immediate vicinity of the books; but it may be well to add in this connection that running along the main reading-room are shelves on which are placed the reference works and dictionaries constantly needed by readers and students, and so also the alcoves are fitted up with a shelving capacity of 3000 volumes each, and which it is intended to set aside for special collections that may be presented or loaned to the university.

The books at the university library at present number between ninety and one hundred thousand, embracing some unique and unusually valuable collections. Among these may be mentioned the Colwell library, which is regarded as the most complete collection of old works on finance and political economy in this country; further supplemented by the Henry C. Carey library, particularly rich in statistical literature; and with constant accessions through the Joseph Wharton Fund, the university easily takes the lead of other libraries in this particular branch. Next in size and value are the several philological collections. For general philology the university points with pride to the library of the late eminent philologist Professor F. A. Pott, of Halle, purchased upon Professor Pott's death a few years ago. It is noteworthy for the large number of works and pamphlets, many of them rare, that it contains on such subjects as the origin of language, the alphabet, the principles of philology, the Aryan question, and the history of names.

In the classical department the university has just added to its shelves the entire library of the late Professor Ernst von Leutsch, consisting of upward of eighteen thousand volumes. The Latin and Greek authors are represented by copious editions of their works with the important commentaries and illustrations of them that have appeared in Germany more especially, and also elsewhere. So, for example, the Homer division of the library contains more than four hundred volumes, while the section devoted to Cicero in Latin literature is even larger.

Equally well represented are the sections on Latin and Greek grammar, dictionaries, classical histories, mythology, antiquities, and geography. Moreover, in his capacity as editor of the *Philologus*, the leading philological journal of Germany, Professor Leutsch received as exchanges sets of practically all philological periodicals appearing in Germany, as well as the proceedings of the various learned societies, and finally the dissertations published by the graduates of German universities, and the *Programm Schriften* issued by the German *Gymnasia*. The dissertations and *Programm Schriften* alone number in the neighborhood of four thousand. Most of these were never offered for sale in the book market, and those that were have long since ceased to figure in the regular catalogues. There can be no question that the university thus possesses a classical collection absolutely unique in this country. In the domain of Semitic languages, the library contains a very fine Arabic collection, practically complete so far as Occidental publications of works bearing on Arabic language, literature, and history of the Arabs are concerned. Besides this there is a very good Assyrian collection, a substantial body of books on Hebrew, both classical and post-biblical, and constant accessions are made to meet the wants of the growing Semitic department of the university. Finally, coming to modern languages, mention ought to be made of an excellent German collection purchased a few months ago. In other fields, the Seybert library on Spiritualism is worthy of mention, both because of its size and its unique character, while in history special efforts are now directed to the American section. The growth of the library during the past few years has been at the rate of over ten thousand annually, and what with its enlarged accommodations and the extension of the university in all directions, the increase in the future may be expected to be even more rapid.

The present librarian-in-chief is Mr. Gregory B. Keen, A.M., to whose energy and scholarly supervision much of the present prosperity is due. The assistant librarian is Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jun., and there is an additional force of three clerks. The upper stories of the building have been set aside for the archæological and ethnological collections of the university. In the second floor is the Assyrian and Egyptian museum; this contains a large number of the peculiar clay "contract tablets" of Babylonia, clay cylinders from the temples and palaces of Nebuchadnezzar, as well as specimens of Babylonian literature, casts of important monuments in the British Museum, and a miscellaneous collection of archæological objects from the mounds of Babylonia and Assyria. Perhaps most attractive to the general public is an inscribed and sculptured slab of the Assyrian king Ashurnazirbal (B.C. 884–860), from the palace of the same at Calah, discovered by Sir H. Layard during his excavations in the mounds of Mesopotamia. The Egyptian collection, only recently begun, is already quite rich in stones and objects of certain periods in Egyptian history. The third floor is divided into two sections, the front being occupied by the American and ethnological museum, which, under the curatorship of Dr. C. C. Abbott, bids fair in a short time to rival in Indian relics and illustrations of savage life the best collections elsewhere. Lastly, the back portion, consisting of a suite of rooms, contains the famous collection of gems and talismans of all ages and all countries belonging to Mr. Maxwell Sommerville. Mr. Sommerville has spent many years in making this collection, the pet object of his life, and what with a notable addition recently made, it ranks among the very first, if not *the* first, in the world. Mr. Sommerville is engaged in preparing his treasures for public exhibition, and a fuller description of them can only properly be given when the arduous task of its owner shall have been completed.

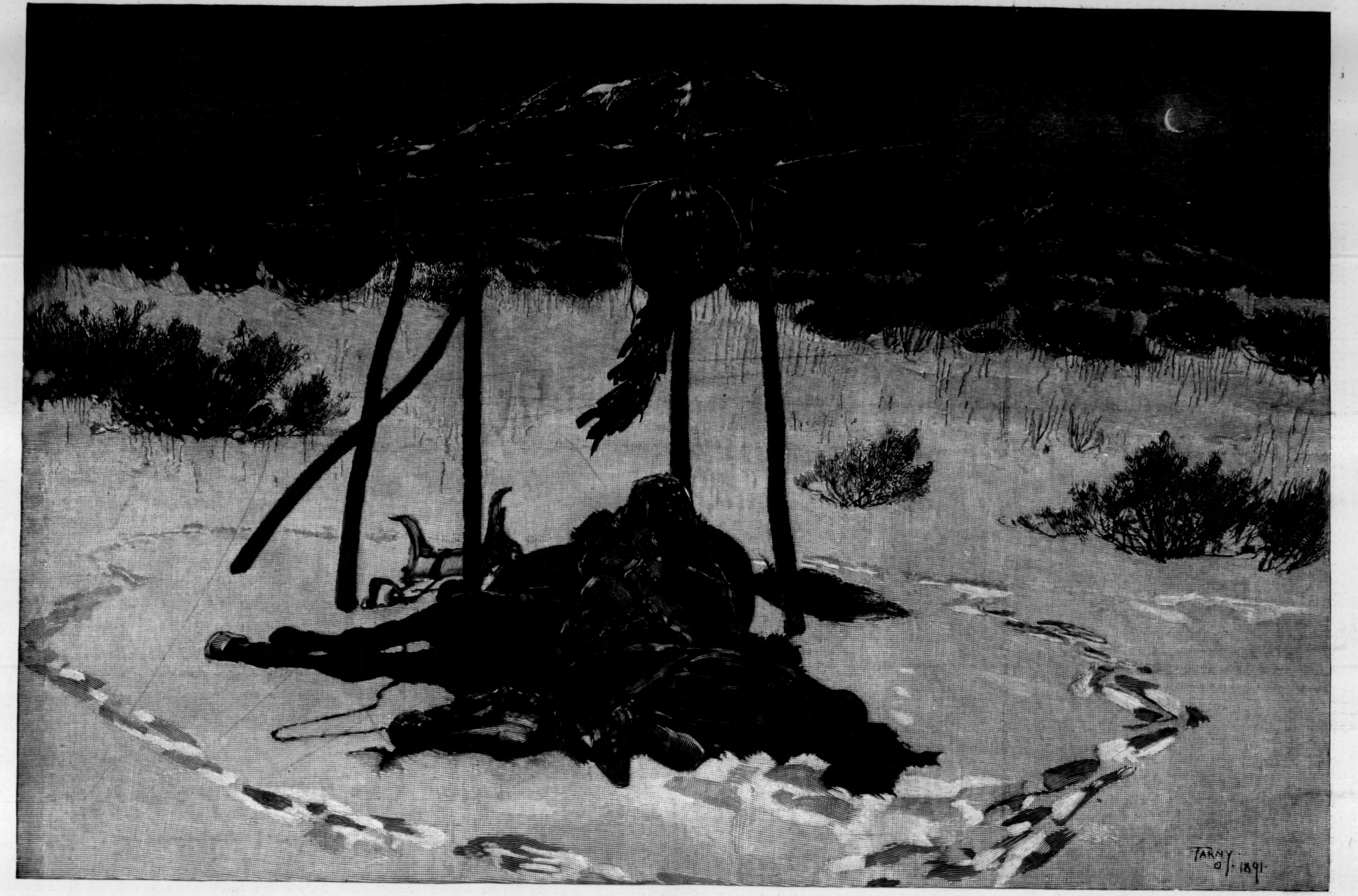
SENATOR JONES, OF NEVADA.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, has had one of the most remarkable careers of any man in Congress. He was born in Herefordshire, England, in 1830, but his parents removed to this country before he was a year old, and settled in the Western Reserve, near Cleveland. As a boy he attended the Cleveland public schools for a few years, but had no further academic education.

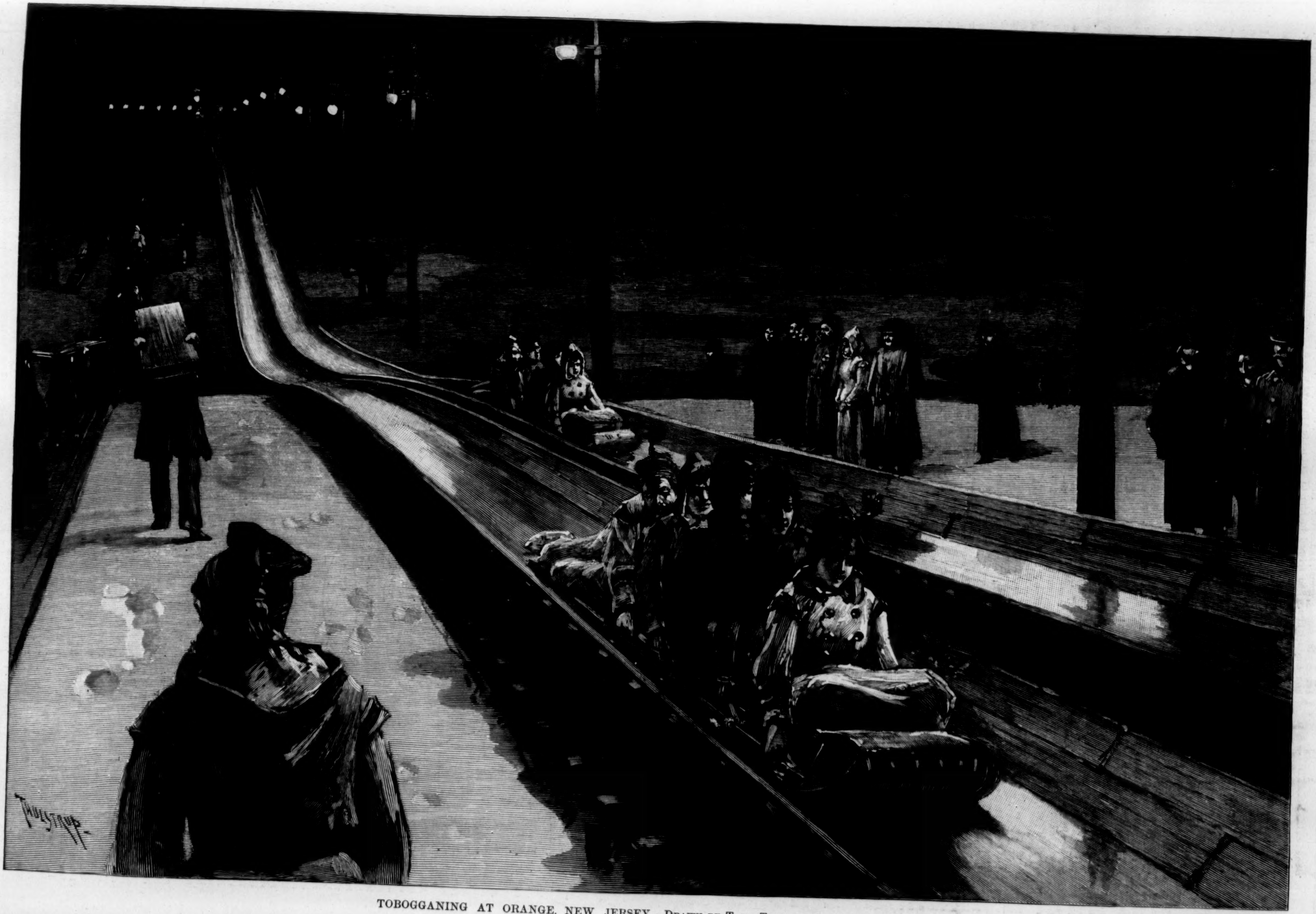
When the gold fever broke out in 1849, Mr. Jones, then a boy of nineteen, caught it, and went to California, where he engaged in mining and farming for seventeen years, and made a good deal of money. While in California he served in both branches of the State Legislature. In 1867 he removed to Nevada, and went into extensive mining operations, which soon made him a reputed millionaire. He was elected a United States Senator as the successor of James W. Nye, and took his seat March 4, 1873, and this is his third re-election.

Although he is one of the "millionaire Senators," Mr. Jones is much more than a millionaire. He is recognized by his colleagues as one of the best-read and best-informed men in Congress, and a master of all that relates to coinage and finance. His speeches on these subjects are a mine of information, and have proved a veritable arsenal for the "silver men" in both Houses. He and his colleague are among the leaders of the recent Republican bolt on the closure rule and the election bill, and are both in favor of placing silver on a parity with gold as coin.

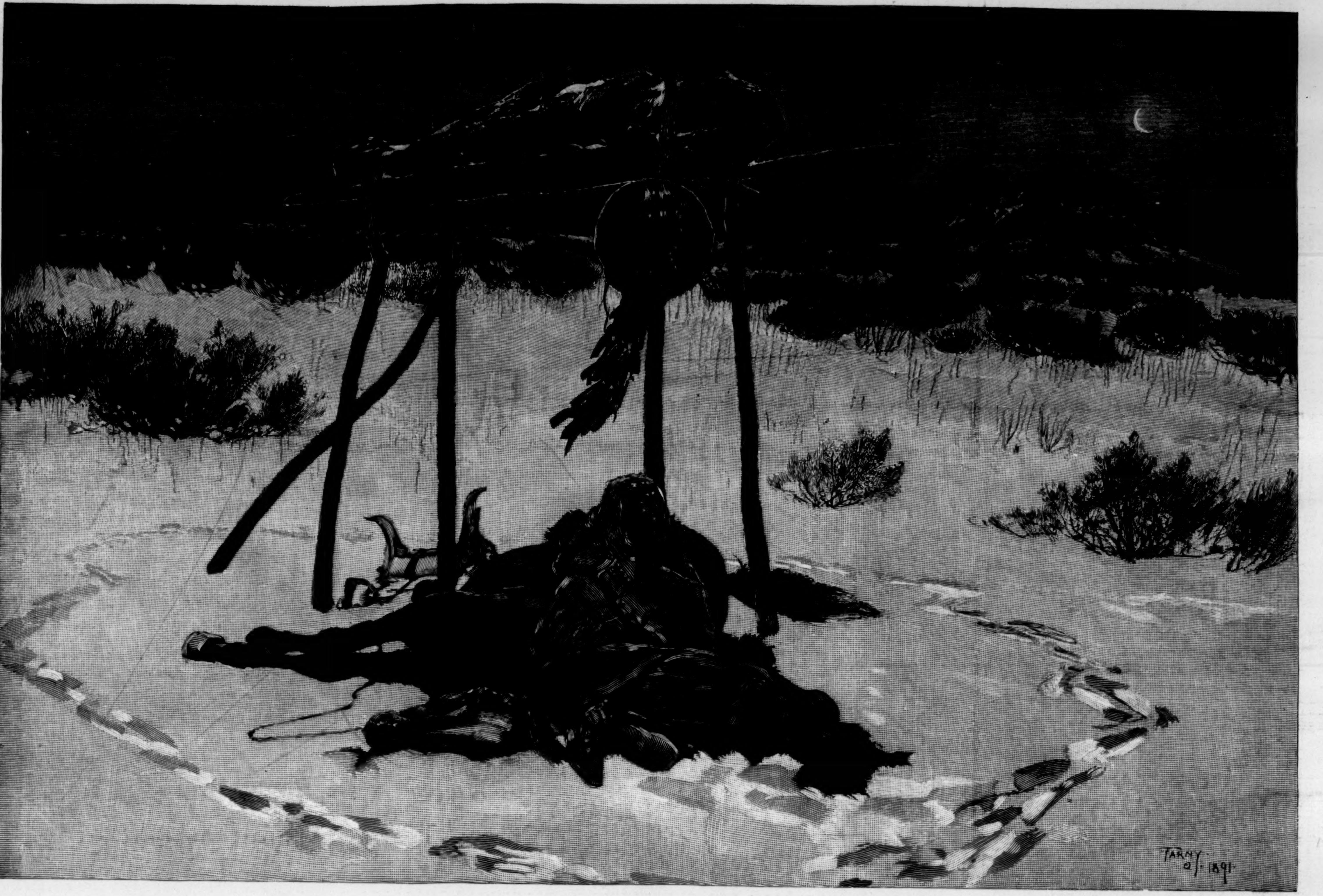
Senator Jones is generally popular among his Senatorial colleagues. He was an especial friend of General Grant, who considered him one of the strongest men in the Senate, and often relied on his advice and assistance.


FARNY
O / 1891

THE LAST SCENE OF THE LAST ACT OF THE SIOUX WAR.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.



TOBOGGANING AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 118.]



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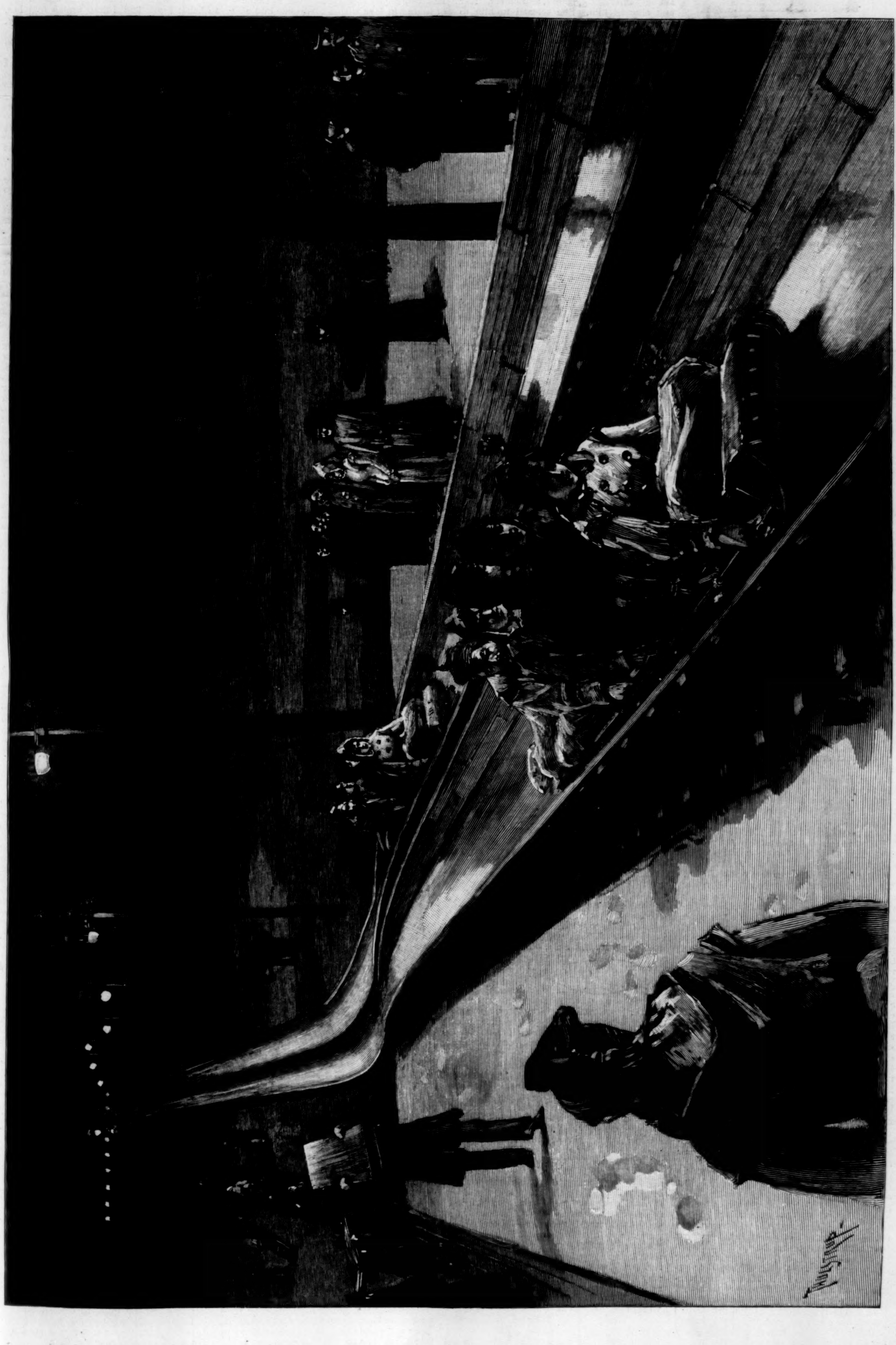


TOBOGGANING AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 118.]

"BLUE SPECTACLES."

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, my dear Mrs. Sancliffe, I can't stand her!"

"But, Louis, my dear boy, what nonsense! She is one of the best girls in the world. She has plenty of good sense—yes. I do assure you, you will like her ever so much when you come to know her."

"But I can't come to know her; there's the trouble, don't you see. Nobody could come to know her. She doesn't want to know anybody."

"Come, come, now, she wants to know *you*."

"Oh, does she? Then why doesn't she try to know me? Why, I have been making up to her, under your auspices, all these days. I have been neglecting everything and everybody for her."

"No, that you have not, indeed. You certainly have not been neglecting Miss Burton, my governess."

"Oh, by Jove, Mrs. Sancliffe, if it comes to that, I'd ever so much rather marry Miss Burton, the governess—"

"Blue spectacles and all?"

"Well, the blue spectacles *are* trying, and I should like a little more hair than those few thin colorless wisps under that cap. But she is so clever, and she talks so well, and she asks such intelligent questions, and she is so sympathetic; and this other girl hasn't a word to throw to a dog. You *couldn't* arouse her curiosity about anything. She doesn't want to know anything; she doesn't want to hear anything about anything; she doesn't know enough to want to know any more."

"Louis, you are like a man."

"Well," he murmured, in half-articulate remonstrance, "you don't want me to be like a woman!"

"Yes, I do, in some things. I want you to be like a woman in reasonableness—in sweet reasonableness."

"I say, like a woman in reasonableness!"

"Yes, exactly; and in modesty, and in absence of self-conceit. Why, just suppose Miss Vernish were as clever and as well read and sympathetic, and all the rest, as you say Miss Burton is, now tell me, do you really think she would care to marry *you?*"

"But I don't suppose Miss Vernish does care to marry me; and I don't want her to care to marry me, I am sure."

"Well," Mrs. Sancliffe said, "I can assure you Julia Vernish has no occasion to throw herself at the head of any man."

"I never said she had," poor Louis meekly responded. "I don't suppose she ever gave one thought to me, or to any one, or to anything, for that matter," he added, plucking up a little spirit.

"Then you *are* going to-morrow?" Mrs. Sancliffe said, suddenly and purposely changing the conversation.

"Oh yes; I must, you know."

"But you are coming back again next week?"

"Yes, I hope so; I will wire to you the exact day."

"All right; we will keep your room for you. There's the bell; I must go and dress."

This talk took place in the drawing-room of a house in one of the Midland counties—a house which had been bought by Alec Sancliffe, and which, in consideration of its antiquated build and fashion, and of a narrow stream running round three sides of it, Mrs. Sancliffe had rechristened by the name of "The Moated Grange." Mrs. Sancliffe was still a comparatively young and comparatively handsome woman. She had been a close friend of Louis Conway's mother, and now that Louis was alone in the world—his father and mother being both dead—she had taken him in hand and was anxious to marry him off forthwith. She thought Miss Vernish would suit him nicely, because Miss Vernish was a pretty girl, who was also an orphan, and who had a great deal of money, and she rather gave out to Louis that if he tried he might be able to make Miss Vernish fond of him. Louis, as we have seen, did not take to it; and he had some money of his own, and would rather have married for love. He was indeed of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, and would have much liked to fall in love with some girl who was poor, to induce her to fall in love with him believing that he also was poor, and then to marry her, let her know for the first time that he was not really poor when they were actually married, and then make her and himself happy for life. With these ideas he did not readily take to Miss Vernish.

The chaff concerning the blue spectacles came about in this way. Mrs. Sancliffe had a governess for her two little girls, and the governess was very clever, very attentive, very lady-like, sweet—and plain. She always wore a cap, and she had some thin twists of sandy or dun-colored hair escaping from under the cap, and she wore portentous blue spectacles. The moment Louis saw her his natural chivalry inclined him to be extremely attentive to her. He felt deep commiseration for her position, her plainness, her thin, old-maidish air, and her portentous blue spectacles. Most of the other visitors passed her over; the men were only formally polite to her, the women took hardly any notice of her. The two little girls, her pupils, adored her; the Sancliffes thought very highly of her on that account. Louis found her very interesting, sound, and clever. Her talk amused him. She seemed to him to grow friendly and confidential. She was very efficient as well as intellectual. When they got up charades or *tableaux vivants* or scenes in plays this winter she was invaluable. She could dress up any room or any person to represent anything that was wanted for the purpose of the performance. As Louis was almost always stage-manager in these artistic arrangements, he and she were thrown a good deal together, and they seemed to get on remarkably well. One result of this was some sly whispering among the ladies concerning the difference of tastes among men, and the possibility of a man being in love with a woman who wore blue spectacles.

To say the truth, the mind of Louis himself was sometimes disturbed for a moment by thoughts of what might have happened to him if poor Miss Burton only had a little more hair, only did not wear a cap—and, oh, above all, did not wear blue spectacles! No doubt he would be madly in love with her—and he was not particularly eager just yet to get married. "How lucky for me," he sometimes thought, "that she does wear blue spectacles!" And then, on the other hand, he sometimes left her company with a half-sigh, and the thought, "It's a thousand pities she isn't pretty—that she should have to wear those confounded blue spectacles."

"I am going to town to-morrow, Miss Burton," Louis said to the governess this evening, not long before dinner. He had come down rather early to the drawing-room, and found Miss Burton there alone. He was glad of this, for he wanted to say a friendly good-by to the girl.

"I am so sorry," she said, frankly. "We shall all miss you ever so much." One of the few advantages to a girl in being plain or in wearing blue spectacles is that she can be very frank and friendly in her dealings with young men. They can't think that such girls are trying to make love to them.

"I wonder shall you miss me?" he asked, fatuously.

"Oh yes," she answered, in as frank and friendly a fashion as before; "I shall miss you greatly. But you are coming back almost at once, Mrs. Sancliffe tells me."

"Yes, I am coming back soon; I don't quite know the day yet, but very soon, I hope."

"I hope so too." Her voice was low and sweet. The sound of the voice awakened, as it had often done before, a curious sensation within him.

"Do you know," he could not help saying, "that your voice sometimes puzzles me, Miss Burton? It seems as if I must have heard it before. I am sure sometimes that we must have met before."

"If you had seen me before," she said—it might be sadly, it might be coldly—"I should think that it is not likely that you could have forgotten me." She was alluding evidently to the hair, the cap, and the blue spectacles.

He wished he had said nothing, yet he could not help going on: "Have you, perhaps, a sister—with a voice at all like yours?"

"And with a face very unlike mine?" she said, good-humoredly.

"I didn't say that—I didn't mean that," he interposed, almost angrily.

"No matter what you meant; you meant nothing unkind, I am sure. But you were asking me a question, No, Mr. Conway, I have no sister; I never had one. I am like Melchizedek now—I have no relations in the world."

"Nor I!" he exclaimed.

Just at that moment Mrs. Sancliffe entered the drawing-room. "Only you two," she said. "I am so glad. I was so afraid that I was late, and that some of the others would have come down. I don't mind about you two."

CHAPTER II.

ALAS for poor little Miss Burton! Poor little Blue Spectacles! The house was very dull for her after Louis Conway had gone to town. Why had she ever been thrown in his way—again? Yes, again; for she had been thrown in his way once before, although he seemed to have no memory of her, except for some vague recollection of having somewhere heard a voice like hers. He evidently had not the least memory of her personal appearance. "How soon he forgot me, and all about me!" she said to herself. Surely she ought to have been glad of that. She ought to have been only too well pleased, on every ground, that the blue spectacles, the cap, and the wisps of hair had not made a deeper and more painful impression on him. It ought, perhaps, even to have given new strength and health to her often bruised and wounded self-love to find that the cap and the blue spectacles might be seen and not remembered against her. But, somehow, she drew no comfort from this reflection—in fact, these girls are all unreflecting and inconsistent—and she only kept saying to herself, "How soon he has forgotten all about me!" She had met him once before—during a two days' stay of his at another country place, where she also was governess, and which place she had to leave shortly after, going out on the world miserably to have another try at earning a living—under different and, as she hoped, amended conditions. And now she has unexpectedly come in the way of Louis Conway once again, and she has fallen hopelessly in love with him, and she knows it. Hapless, hopeless maiden, what is the use of falling in love with a handsome and rich young man when you have to wear blue spectacles? And he was coming back in a few days! She could not stand it; she could not stand any more of it—she had made up her mind. She was very fond of her young pupils; she liked the Sancliffes—husband and wife—immensely; she was devoted to them, but she could not stay and meet Louis Conway again under such conditions. She must go and try to make a living elsewhere. If she were to remain, the chances were that she must betray herself—that women would find out her poor little sad secret—and only think how every one would despise her, and laugh at her! Why, even the good kind Sancliffes themselves must think her ridiculous beyond excuse, for that being such a girl she had fallen in love with such a man. No, it was decided; she must go, and go before Louis Conway came back. Would he miss her, she wondered, when he came back? Would he ever ask after her? How long would he remember her? Not longer, surely, than he had remembered her before. All the better, she said, for him and for her. Why should he remember her? Why should she want to be remembered? Why, indeed? So she reasoned wisely with her love and with her pain; and we all know by experience how readily love and pain yield to wise reasoning, and how philosophically they are open to conviction, and how tranquil they become under the soothing influence of a sermon!

One night, after the other women had gone to bed, and Alec and one or two men had gone to the smoking-room, Mrs. Sancliffe opened a little confidence with Miss Burton.

"Do you know, Miss Burton," she said, "that I have prevailed on Julia Vernish to come back again? She is coming back in a few days. We shall have to pack ourselves a good deal; the house has almost reached the utmost stretch of his elasticity—and you know the Drummonds are coming. But I must have Julia Vernish, and give the pair another chance."

"The pair another chance? Mrs. Sancliffe—what pair? what chance?"

"Oh, don't you understand? I quite thought you understood all through, and followed the course of my match-making. You know I am a born match-maker, and I pine to see all my friends, men and women, as happily married as I am myself. Now don't you understand?"

"No; I am afraid I am very stupid."

"You know I am very fond of Louis Conway—don't you?"

"Oh yes, I know that."

"Well, I want him to get married and settled. I don't believe a man can come to anything until he is married. Look at my Alec! Why, he was not able to say Bo to a goose until I married him."

"Yes," Miss Burton murmured, to carry on the conversation, for Mrs. Sancliffe had suddenly stopped, evidently waiting to have something said, and Miss Burton did not know anything else to say.

"Well, I want Louis to marry Julia Vernish. She is a dear good little girl, and she is very good-looking, and has money, and you know young men of to-day ask for nothing in a wife but money or good looks. Most of them prefer money, and ask for nothing else; but my Louis is a better sort than that, and he would want a pretty face and figure—along with the money, perhaps, but still he would want them. Now here he has got a pretty girl, and lots of money, and a nice quiet lady-like girl too, all to his hand. She isn't clever, that I admit; there I quite agree with you"—Miss Burton had not said a single word to express any opinion on the intellectual capacity of Miss Vernish—"but I don't think young London men of to-day want intellect in a wife."

"I suppose not," Miss Burton said, meekly.

"No, they don't want it; they hate it. Intellect is all very well in a girl to talk to now and then, but it is considered altogether out of place in a wife. I am sure Louis would never care about a woman of intellect—for a wife, I mean."

"Oh no," Miss Burton said. "Why should he?"

"Quite so. Julia is very stupid, I know, and I shouldn't like her for a life-long companion. But then that is all so different; I am not a man."

"But, Mrs. Sancliffe," Miss Burton said, rallying a little, "you are, if you won't mind my saying it, a very clever woman, well read, and all that, and yet you and your husband are an ideal pair of married people."

Mrs. Sancliffe laughed good-humoredly. "My dear, yes; but that is because darling Alec is so stupid. He hasn't an idea of his own. He takes all my ideas, and they are enough for him; they do him very well; they make him happy. But Louis Conway has plenty of ideas of his own, and he doesn't want to be bothered with any ideas belonging to his wife. There is where the difference comes in. When you marry, Miss Burton—"

"Oh, when I marry!"

"Yes, when you marry you must marry some good-natured stupid man. I must look you out some particularly stupid man."

"My dear Mrs. Sancliffe, there is no great need of looking out much for a man like that. They are so common, there are so many of them, they are on exhibition everywhere." And Miss Burton made a gallant effort to be sprightly and sarcastic.

"Well, I am going to make a last attempt to bring Louis and Julia Vernish together, and, Miss Burton, you must help me. Why, what is the matter with you?"

For Miss Burton had broken out in a flood of tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Sancliffe, I can't help you. I can't do anything, except to thank you so much—and to be grateful always—and to love you so much—and the darling girls—yes, and Mr. Sancliffe too, I love him so much—if you don't mind—and I know you don't—for he has been always so good to me, and so kind to me!"

"But, good gracious, Miss Burton, what are you in such trouble about? Of course you love us all—for we all love you."

"But I have to go away; I have to leave you forever—ever—ever—ever; I have to go to-morrow."

"Miss Burton! To leave us—to leave us forever! Why, what on earth have we ever done to you?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing that was not kind and good and sweet—but I must leave you all the same—I must—I must! And you mustn't ask me why; no—no—I beg of you—you must not ask me why. Only do pray think well of me—and let me go." Then poor Miss Burton broke down again.

Mrs. Sancliffe was a sweet and sympathetic woman. She took the poor girl in her arms and fondled and soothed her. She did not try to get her secret out of her: was it, after all, much of a secret? Mrs. Sancliffe knew the ways and weaknesses of girls pretty well, she thought, and she had noticed how chivalrously attentive and kind Louis Conway had been to the plain little governess with the wisps of hair and the dreadful blue spectacles. It would be better if men would let these poor things alone, she said to her vexed heart, even while she sat and petted Miss Burton. It's a great mistake to try to be kind and gentle and chivalrous to these ugly women; they only get falling in love, poor things, and what on earth is the good of that? She made up her mind that it would really be much better to have Miss Burton off the premises until Louis and Miss Vernish had got quietly married, then, of course, she could have Miss Burton back again.

"I sha'n't trouble you with any questions, dear," she said, when Miss Burton had got a little more composed. "You are a good and a sensible person, and you are sure to have reason for what you are doing; but you will leave me your address, and I am your true friend, and you will come back, perhaps soon, and there is a home for you here always, always, whenever you like to claim it."

So they parted for the night. Mrs. Sancliffe sought out her husband, and poured out her trouble on him. He was very sorry, and in his regret he totally forgot to tell her that Louis Conway was coming back to the Moated Grange that very same night, a little late. Mrs. Sancliffe went to her bedroom early, and Alec was sorry he had forgotten to remind her, but it was not of the slightest consequence, he thought, for she probably knew all about it.

CHAPTER III.

IT was late when Louis Conway reached the Moated Grange. He was particularly anxious not to make any disturbance or to waken anybody, especially he did not want to waken any of the dogs. He knew that the household would have to rise betimes, as the old phrase went, next morning, and he wished to make his own entrance and his escape to bed as unobserved as he could. He was not sorry, however, to see a light in his host's smoking-room, and he was in the mood for a quiet cigar and a quiet talk that might take him out of himself for the hour. Alec Sancliffe gave him a cheery welcome, and was evidently glad to see him back so soon, and they had the cigar box and the long tumblers quickly out, and were making themselves comfortable.

"Do you know we are going to lose Miss Burton!" Alec said, after they had talked of other things. Miss Burton evidently was on Alec's mind, for he rushed to her the moment he could fairly get other subjects decently shoved aside. How curious! Louis Conway's mind was on Miss Burton too! He positively felt himself growing red under the influence of Alec's words, as he took a pull at his long tumbler before he composed himself enough to say, with a manner of decent indifference:

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it. Why is she going?"

"I don't really know. It's a confounded nuisance. She was my wife's right-hand man, if I may use the expression, in everything about the house and the children, and—and everything."

"Doesn't Mrs. Sancliffe know why she is going?"

"No; she can't quite make it out; she isn't at all clear. The girl has taken something into her head. I do so wish she would tell Nellie, but she won't, and yet she's as fond of Nellie and Nellie's as fond of her as they can stick. I was thinking, you know, it might be something we could manage, Nellie and I, for we would do anything for her, and the children are quite in despair about it; but she says there is nothing we can do, and I believe they two cry over it a good deal, but nothing much comes of that."

"When is she going?"

"To-morrow, I believe. I'm awfully sorry for it; I always liked the girl, although I must say I often thought there was something rather mysterious about her; but Nellie would not listen to me, and said men couldn't understand anything about women, and that they only cared about women who were fetching and could flirt, and that we could not appreciate Miss Burton because she had no flirting ways, and was not pretty, and wore blue spectacles. And I say, you know, between ourselves, it would be pretty hard, wouldn't it, to get mashed upon a woman in blue spectacles?"

"I suppose it would—I suppose it would be almost impossible—I don't know sometimes—I often wish men were not built on that principle."

"Built on what principle?"

"Well, I wish we didn't think quite so much of mere good looks, and externals, and bright eyes; I don't see why one should not love a woman with blue spectacles. Couldn't a woman love a man even though he wore blue spectacles?"

"Well, I dare say she could; it would be trying, perhaps, but I dare say some women could; and then, you know, it's different in the case of a man. The women don't love us for our beauty—luckily for most of us! I must say I wish some nice high-minded fellow would take a liking to Miss Burton, and fall in love with her and marry her, blue spectacles and all. Well, I must be getting to bed. You need not go until you feel in the humor; only don't fail to put out the lights. You know your way?"

"My old quarters, I presume?"

"Yes, yes—I take it for granted—I have been away most of this afternoon. But it's all right, of course. I say, how do you get on with the young woman? Are things moving?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, don't ask me. It can't be; it positively can't! I never saw such a young woman. She can't be got to take an interest in anything. She can't be got to feel the slightest curiosity about anything."

"I congratulate you, my dear boy. You are about to become engaged to a regular feminine Phœnix. She is alone, the Arabian bird."

"Oh, confound the Arabian bird!" Louis said, testily.

"Well, but think of it!—a woman who can't be roused to any curiosity! She is a pearl, a treasure. Why, if Adam had only married such a creature, we should be all in the Garden of Eden now; and if Blue-beard's wife had been like that, Blue-beard might be alive to this day, and taking a highly respectable position as a county councillor."

"I don't care what might have become of Blue-beard, but one thing I do know—I can't stand Miss Epicene any more."

"Miss what?—Epicene? That isn't her name."

"Oh no; I was only thinking of Ben Jonson's Silent Woman."

"Then do you mean to say you are going to throw the girl over?"

"My dear fellow, I never asked the girl to marry me, and consequently I can't be said to throw her over. She doesn't care three straws about me, or about anything, except wearing nice clothes and looking pretty."

"Well, look here, you must talk to Nellie about it; you really must. I fancy Nellie will think herself let in, don't you know. I believe she has been working heaven and earth for you."

"I am sure I can satisfy Mrs. Sancliffe. She never could want me to marry a girl who cares nothing about anything, who hasn't any subject of conversation—positively not a single one."

"Well, you shall talk it over with Nellie. I am sorry about Miss Burton, and I am sorry about your affair too."

"But surely, seeing that it was I and not you who was expected to fall in love with the girl, I might be allowed a little of my own way," he said, rather pettishly. Everything seemed to conspire to put him out and to arouse him that night.

"Oh, quite so, quite so; it's a free country. Good-night. Don't forget to put out the light, and you know your way."

They shook hands, and Louis sat moodily down and lighted a fresh cigar. His mind was tempest-tossed. He could not marry the incurious silent woman, and sit trying to find topics for her through half his life, or be tortured by the thought that she was distressing every man who took her in to dinner by her incapacity to talk or to feel any interest in anything. He was distressed at the news of Miss Burton's sudden departure. He had grown to take a deep interest in her—in spite of himself. Good heavens! he could not be in love with her? He asked himself the question again and again; he answered it himself again and again. Oh no; that was impossible; it was out of the question. One cannot be in love with a woman who wears a cap to conceal her wispy hair, and whose eyes dart love fires—or would have thus to dart them, if they had love's fires to dart—through the hideous, non-conducting medium of blue spectacles. And yet he had grown into deep feeling, a deep interest, in her—her voice always sounded sweetly, sympathetically in his ears—and now, when all was apparently coming to an end, he found himself admitting to his own mind that his recent visits to Mr. and Mrs. Sancliffe had been made so frequent of late chiefly because of the pleasure he found in talking to the blue spectacles. Why not the young lady on whom his friends were forcing him? Why had not she Miss Burton's intellect and taste and sympathy and musical voice—why, oh, why had Miss Burton blue spectacles, and only a few wisps of sandy-colored hair? Why is man's affection governed and domineered by the paltry consideration of a pair of blue spectacles? Or if man can absolutely love no woman whose eyes are shrouded in blue spectacles, why is man's breast ever tortured by the futile, tantalizing, perplexing thought that he almost feels in love with such a woman? Man, said Louis, is an ass! With this salutary and convincing reflection he rose to go doggedly to bed. It did not help him much in his perplexity to pronounce the dogma, however reasonable and well founded, that man is an ass. But where is the philosophic dogma that ever did in the slightest degree help a young man where any trouble about a woman was concerned?

So he began to mount the stairs, not without a sigh. He was thinking sadly enough of the bright and hopeful way in which his visits to the Sancliffes began, and how changed everything had grown to be now. The house was a delightful old building, full of corridors all ups and downs, steps plunging unexpectedly downward here, and darting upward there, doors that opened not into rooms, but into other corridors, little turret windows in curious places, where, on a moonlight night, the round white face of the moon suddenly met your own face with a glare of corpse-like curiosity that positively shocked and staggered one for the moment. Louis crept cautiously along, holding his candle so as to throw some little light on the floor in front. He crept past one or two doors from within which he could hear whispering voices, which told him that the world was not yet all quite asleep, and, indeed, there was something about the house which, in a dim sort of way, suggested preparation for preternaturally early rising and people going away the next morning. He thought of poor Miss Burton journeying off, for some unexplained reason, out into the cold world once more. He wondered if he should see her in the morning, and then asked himself what would be the good, even if he were to see her, and admonished himself that it was about time he should make up his mind not to be, at all events, a greater idiot than God and nature had intended him to be. In this wholesome frame of mind he reached the familiar door of the familiar bedroom. He gently turned the handle, and opening the door, was about to enter—indeed, had actually crossed the threshold—when he became suddenly aware that the room was already occupied.

Yes, there was a woman sitting in a dressing-gown before the table with the mirror. Evidently she had been doing her hair, for there was the short thick golden hair all about her neck and shoulders—oh, such divine golden hair!—not long, but rich and thick and curly. The woman had her head down on her hands, and was so absorbed in pain or grief or trouble of some sort that she did not notice in the least the half entrance of our hero He drew back abashed, and was about to steal gently away and close the door behind him. But then the idea occurred to him, where was he to go for the night? This room was undoubtedly his old chamber; why, yes, there were the little shelves with his books still on them. Clearly he had not been mistaken in the room, although very clearly mistaken in the recent disposition of it. He really thought that on the whole he had best apply for information on the spot, explain his perplexity to the lady in the room; and ask her if perchance she could tell him where he ought to go. There was surely no great harm done. The lady was dressed enough to receive the whole London County Council, and if her hair was down, it was not even very long hair, beautiful and golden though it was. Some people he knew might think it rather improper for a woman to be seen with very long hair floating about her, but this hair was only thick and curly. How beautiful it was! All these thoughts passed within him, as the novelists say, in far less time than it takes to describe them here.

So, holding the door in his hand, he began: "I beg pardon; I have made a mistake."

Then the lady started up and looked round, flashing on him the bewitching light of the deep dark gray eyes, which, he could not help observing with a shock, were starred with tears.

"Mr. Conway?" she exclaimed, in great agitation.

Where did that voice come from? Most assuredly it was the sweet and musical voice of Miss Burton, the plain governess with the wisps of hair and the blue spectacles. But where were the wisps of hair and the blue spectacles? Good heavens, there they were! Where? Why, at the lady's elbow, on the dressing table—see! There are the wisps of sandy hair; there are the blue spectacles.

"Oh, go away," she said, with a sob, and she put her hands before her eyes.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this?" he asked, in a low, earnest tone. "Is this a masquerade? Why are you going away? Why are you crying? Why did you wear these things?"

And he pointed to the wisps of hair and the blue spectacles. He was determined to know all about it.

"Oh, I can't tell you," she said, between laughing and crying. "I'll tell you to-morrow. Go away now, please."

"But where am I to go to?"

"Don't you know? The room at the end of the corridor, on the left; the very last room. We did not know for certain that you were coming."

In all her own perplexity the girl could not keep from laughter at his bewildered and puzzled plight.

"I don't quite see where the laugh comes in," Louis said. "I do not understand anything. What is this all about? You are Miss Burton, are you not? Or, stay, are you not the girl I met at Colonel Lawrence's last autumn? I remember your face now; I know I am right."

"Never mind who I am for the moment," Miss Burton replied, scornfully. "You can inquire into my history another time. I did not fancy that it would much interest you," she could not help adding, with a pardonable touch of bitterness, as she remembered the soon-forgotten meetings at Colonel Lawrence's, and the hard fact that she had been compelled to leave the place because Mrs. Lawrence scolded her so for flirting with gentlemen, and especially with Mr. Conway, and declared in her hearing that never in all her life would she allow a good-looking governess to darken her doors again. Then Miss Burton became overpowered anew by a sense of the absurdity of the whole situation, and of Louis's angry and puzzled face, and she broke into a silvery peal of laughter.

If Louis had only been quite certain where to go, if he remembered the directions she had given him, he would have turned away in tragic dignity and left her to laugh her fill. But, to increase his anger, he heard what sounded like echoing ripples of laughter along the corridor, the laughter of a woman, and other laughter too, the laughter of a man. Miss Burton rushed back into her room and slammed her door. Only fancy his feelings; only think of his wrath! Had he, then, been brought there to be turned into a laughing-stock? Were they playing off some absurd jape at his expense? He was about to plunge along the corridor anywhere—anywhere out of the joke.

"Oh, Louis, what a mistake!" Mrs. Sancliffe exclaimed, hurrying up to meet him; "what stupid forgetfulness of mine! But it wasn't all my fault; it was all Alec's fault; he never told me a word about your coming to-night, and we are so full I put Miss Burton into your old room, and it was only this moment that stupid Alec remembered it. We were sitting up talking, and he heard you go blundering along the corridor, and then, for the first time, he bethought himself of asking if you were quartered in your old room. I do hope Miss Burton was not bewildered."

"Miss Burton was not bewildered," Louis said, still in high tragic mood. "I had more cause to be bewildered."

"Oh, had you, though? But how? About losing your way? But there are lots of us up, and you might have knocked at any door and asked, even if Miss Burton's door was locked."

"Anyhow, you're all right now," Alec said, trying not to laugh any more, seeing that Louis evidently was not in a humor for being laughed at. "Where's his room, Nellie?"

"Miss Burton!" Mrs. Sancliffe called. "Come out—if you are visible. I am so sorry you should have been disturbed."

Louis Conway forgot his anger in the anxiety to see whether Miss Burton would come out and show herself without the blue spectacles and without the wisps of hair, or whether she would resume her disguise, and trust to his honor not to reveal the secret which he had unintentionally surprised. He stood in the keenest condition of bewilderment and expectancy, gazing at the door which she had closed against him when the ripple of laughter was heard along the corridor. Was the masquerade over? Was Mrs. Sancliffe a party to the game? Was it all got up to puzzle him, or was he only one dupe out of many? How would she come forth—beautiful and bright-eyed, as he had just seen her, with her golden hair about her neck, or once again made dowdy with the wisps of false hair and the accursed blue spectacles? He gazed as the hero might have gazed in the story of *The Lady or the Tiger?* or as one who is about to see his first bull-fight watches, with beating heart and subdued breath, for the rush of the first bull into the arena.

The door slowly opened, and Miss Burton came out. Her deep gray eyes were unshaded by spectacles, the wisps of hair had disappeared, the careless curling locks hung undisguised about her neck, and the pretty woman stood absolutely confessed. She looked neither shy nor bold; not, certainly, quite at her ease, but not confused. She knew that she had been discovered by one, that she must be discovered by all, and her mind was braced up to bear the worst.

"Miss Burton!" Nellie Sancliffe exclaimed. "It *is* you, is it not? What on earth is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"To-morrow—I'll tell you all to-morrow," Miss Burton said, in a low and timid tone.

"Oh, but please don't send us to bed sleepless with curiosity. Do tell us something to-night."

"It—it is nothing. I was poor, I am poor. I had to teach for my living, and I was sent away from my last place because—oh, I don't know how to put it—because the lady of the house said some men liked me, and because—because—oh, well, because—she said I was not ugly enough for a governess, and that's the whole story, and so I tried to make myself ugly enough to please anybody."

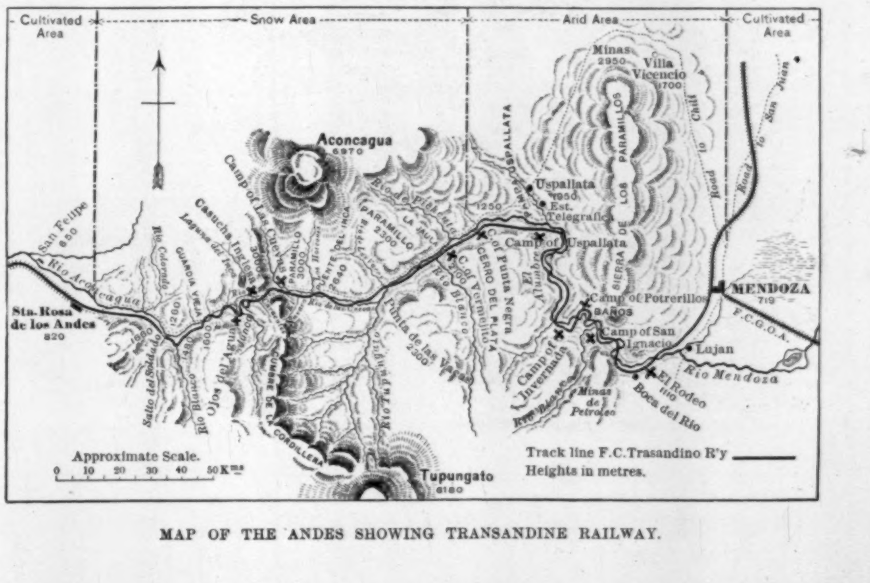
A very chorus of laughter followed the explanation, and then, when the laughter began to exhaust itself, Mrs. Sancliffe, fearing they might have offended the girl by their unseemly but irrepressive mirth, caught poor Miss Burton in her arms.

"My dear," she said, tenderly, "please do not ever go about to make yourself ugly again. I can assure you we much prefer pretty women in this house—Alec and I at least. Of course I can't answer for Mr. Conway."

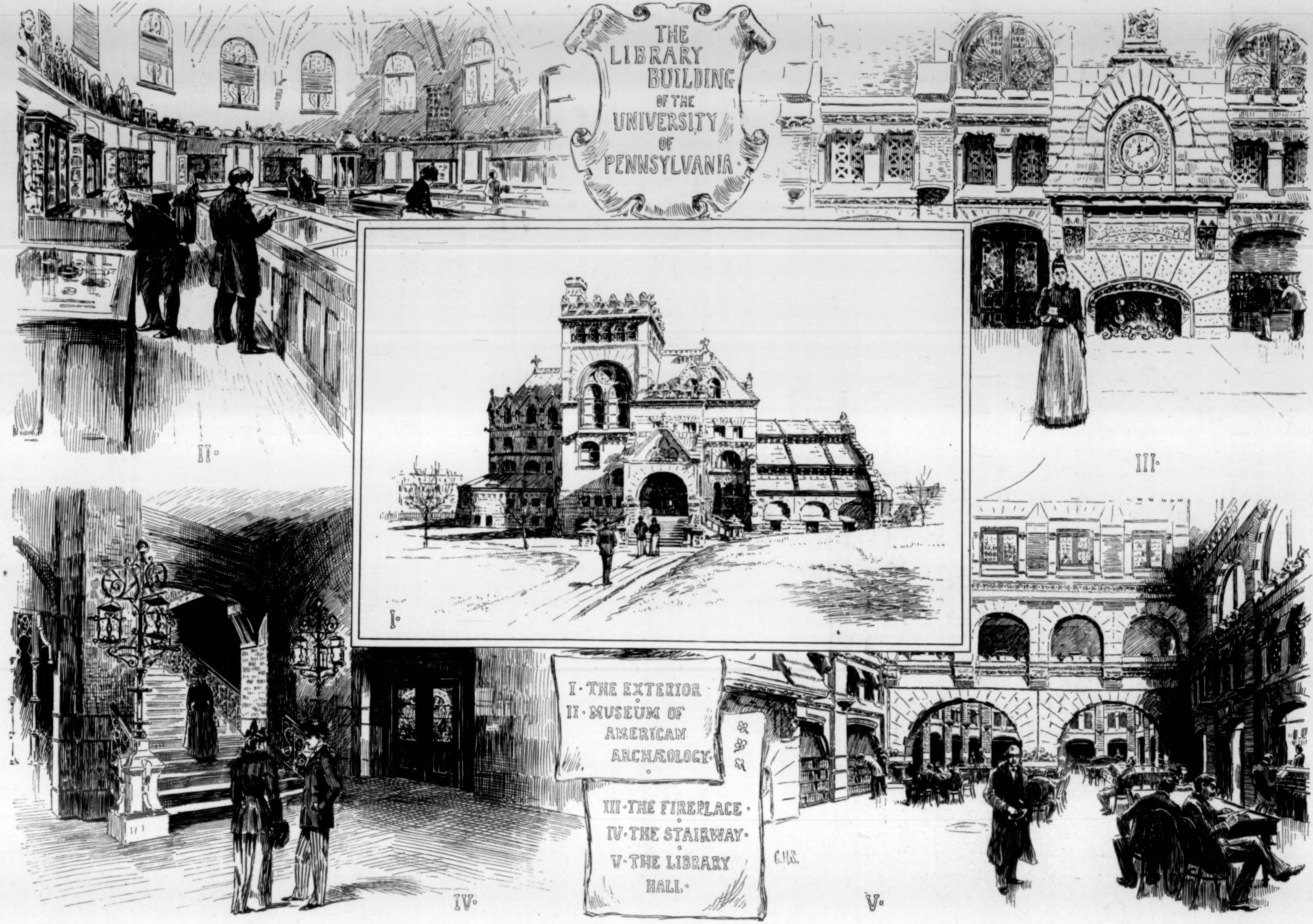
Now if the rest of that story is not easily guessed, then the writer must have told it very badly. It must be his fault surely, and his alone, if the reader cannot answer for Mr. Conway and for Miss Burton too.

THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY.

MR. THEODORE CHILD'S interesting series of South-American papers in HARPER'S MAGAZINE began with an article entitled "Across the Andes" (September, 1890), in which a full description was given of the projected transandine railway. Advices from the scene of action, dated end of December, 1890, announce that the works of this railway between Mendoza and Los Andes are momentarily interrupted. The deplorable financial situation of the Argentine and the disaster of Baring Brothers, coming on the top of considerable sums of money lost through bad management of the Argentine section, have placed the enterprise in a difficult situation. On the Chilian side the works are entirely suspended, and on the Argentine side the staff has been greatly reduced. On the Chilian side the progress has been rapid since July; the passage of the Salto del Soldado has been successfully accomplished; the track is above-ground nearly to Guardia Vieja; and if the works had continued, the locomotive would have reached Juncal in April. It is hoped that the interruption of the work will soon come to an end, and that this great and interesting enterprise will be pursued and accomplished.



MAP OF THE ANDES SHOWING TRANSANDINE RAILWAY.



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COLONEL CHARLES HEYWOOD, OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS.

COLONEL HEYWOOD AND THE MARINE CORPS.

THE new commandant of the United States Marine Corps, who succeeds Colonel C. G. McCawley, retired for age, comes to his duties at a critical period in the history of the marine service. A movement has been started to have the marines withdrawn from the war vessels, and confined to shore duties at the yards and stations. It is urged that in these days of sailors who have no sails to handle, of seamen who must primarily be gunners, Jack Tar should become a sea soldier, and stand guard himself, instead of having a marine stand guard over him; that if thus trusted he will become self-respecting and worthy of trust, and will feel that a barrier between him and his officers has been thrown down. But the Marine Corps, pointing to the majority of aliens in the naval service, declares that this would be an unwise experiment; that the blue-jacket will be no happier for having sentry duty added to his other work; that the discipline of the marines is an invaluable reliance with crews so often picked up hastily, of various nationalities, the men at one time disposed to quarrel with each other, at another to join grievances against the officers, and often swayed by prejudices and superstitions. The better plan, it says, is to augment the Marine Corps, to give it adequate training schools for recruits, perhaps even to enlarge its uses on shipboard, putting it in charge of the secondary batteries—the machine and rapid-fire guns and the torpedoes.

In the midst of this discussion it happens that an officer is appointed to command the Marine Corps whose own career illustrates in a remarkable way the value of the marines in sea as well as shore duty. Born in Waterville, Maine, October 3, 1839, Colonel Charles Heywood entered the Marine Corps as a Second Lieutenant early in 1858, and at once saw active service during the Staten Island Quarantine riots. Then he went on the *Niagara* to Africa, and on the *St. Louis* to Nicaragua, where Walker the filibuster was to be watched. The outbreak of the civil war found him on the *Cumberland*, and in that epoch of rapid promotions he was made a First Lieutenant. As such, in August, 1861, he took part in the engagement at Hatteras Inlet, when forts Clark and Hatteras were captured, while his Captaincy dates from November of that year. In March, 1862, occurred the famous naval combat of Hampton Roads, during which the Confederate armorclad *Merrimac* destroyed the *Cumberland* with her iron prow, the good ship going down with colors flying and her crew at their posts, firing their guns as the water rolled over her. Heywood, with the marines, had fought the after guns, and nine of his men had been killed at the *Merrimac's* first shot. Lieutenant Morris, commanding the *Cumberland*, reported to Secretary Welles "the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Charles Heywood, U.S.M.C., whose bravery upon the occasion of the fight of the *Merrimac* won my highest applause."

After service on the *Sabine* and the *Ticonderoga*, and at the Brooklyn barracks, he was ordered to the flag-ship *Hartford*, as chief marine officer in Farragut's fleet. Then he took part in the famous battle of Mobile Bay. Captain Drayton, of the *Hartford*, reported to Admiral Farragut that "the two after guns were manned by marines, who, under the command of Captain Charles Heywood, performed most efficient service"; while the Admiral reported to Secretary Welles that "it is worth mentioning that the officer sent in command of the guard for the capture of the *Tennessee* was Captain Charles Heywood, of the Marine Corps, who was one of the survivors of the *Cumberland*, sunk by Buchanan in Hampton Roads. Although a modest gentleman, Captain Heywood could not resist the opportunity of informing the rebel Admiral that they had met before, and that he, at least, was exceedingly glad of the second meeting." After the war Captain Heywood received the brevets of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel "for distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy," at Hampton Roads and Mobile. His promotions to the full grades followed in due course, and he was second below Colonel McCawley at his recent selection for command.

After the war Colonel Heywood, in addition to service at the Brooklyn, Washington, Norfolk, and Mare Island barracks, and on the *Franklin*, *Wabash*, *Worcester*, and *Hartford*, distinguished himself in the railroad riots of 1877, when he commanded a force of marines at Baltimore and Reading, and afterward in 1885, when he commanded all the marine forces on the Isthmus. The skill with which he occupied the city of Panama, then held by Aispuru's insurgents, making an advance upon it in three columns, was conspicuous, and Consul-General Adamson reported that "the firm bearing, strict discipline, and splendid conduct of the marines reflected great credit upon Colonel Heywood and his officers"; while Admiral Jouett, in expressing his "high estimation of the marine battalion," which, he said, had been "constantly at the point where danger and disease were sure to come first," added his thanks "for your own earnest and valuable assistance."

Admiral Farragut once declared the marine guard to be "one of the great essentials of a man-of-war," and Winslow, describing the victory of the *Kearsarge* over the *Alabama*, where the marines fought the rifle-gun, says that "the action was commenced on our part by this gun, and its fire was rapid and effective throughout. The high reputation of their service was wholly sustained by the marine guard of this ship." Only a few months ago Admiral Porter said that our navy never needed a well-organized Marine Corps more than now; and now, whatever the future may have in store for this organization, it is gratifying to know that so able and experienced an officer has been placed at its head.

OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

A STOP FOR DINNER IN NEW MEXICO.

THE traveller who enters New Mexico from the northeast over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway has found traces of the old Spanish-American life in the names of towns along the Arkansas River in Colorado. Names like Granada, Las Animas, and La Junta remind him that this river was the northern boundary of Spain's great possessions in the New World. Between La Junta and Trinidad he had in view on the right that early landmark of the old Castilian explorers, the superb twin mountain promontories, the Spanish Peaks.

But not even after he has entered New Mexico, and has passed that old outpost of the Santa Fe trail, now the thriving city of Las Vegas, has he seen satisfactory traces of the life of the primitive people of the country. It is not until he reaches the old Mexican villages on the Pecos River that the aspect of the antique Spanish-American civilization begins to impress him. As the train approaches the Glorieta Mountains, that divide the plain from the Rio Grande Valley, he sees afar off on the right the red-tinted ruin of the old Pecos church built by the Franciscan fathers in 1628, at one of the most important towns—now fifty years deserted—of the Pueblo or civilized Indian inhabitants of New Mexico, and feels that he is entering the country's scenes of antiquity.

Through Glorieta Cañon and Apache Cañon the train winds between craggy walls beside a channel worn deep by floods. Emerging from the mountains at Lamy Junction, where the Santa Fe branch comes in, the main line sweeps south and west, skirting the slope of a wonderful amphitheatre encompassed by mountains near and distant, range behind range, the farthest being quite a hundred miles away. He is now on classic ground of American archæology, the wide valley of the Nile of America, the Rio Grande, which the native New-Mexicans fondly call El Rio Bravo del Norte—the Superb River of the North—and he catches a gleam of its waters as the train approaches Wallace Station, named for General Lew Wallace at the time when the hero of two wars was discharging his duties as Governor of New Mexico, and writing *Ben-Hur* in the old palace of the Spanish Governors at Santa Fe.

A sloping valley-side leads on the west down to the muddy Rio Grande, which in the distance bears a silver sheen as it swirls about its islets and sand bars; beyond it lies a narrow bottom strip shut in by precipitous mountains. At a short distance below the station, on opposite sides of the river, are the two Pueblo Indian villages of Santo Domingo and Santo Felipe, independent little communities that have abided there since the days of the Spanish conquest of New Mexico, and which preserve unchanged the fashions and customs of their ancestors.

On the east, a few miles away, the Cerillos Mountains and another detached range rise from the plains like mountainous islands from the sea. Within their recesses are situated old Spanish mines—some rediscovered, and others for two centuries concealed—about which is told many a grewsome tale of the early days, when the mining of the precious ores was done by the forced labor of Indian slaves. A common tradition relates that the Spaniards, mining deeply beneath a mountain, neglected in their avaricious haste to prop the roof of their workings sufficiently, until at last the whole mountain settled bodily down upon the Indian slaves and their taskmasters—a disaster that precipitated the great Pueblo Indian revolt of 1680, which, though not permanently successful in all respects, stopped the working of the Spanish mines for two hundred years. When, three hours before, on the eastern side of the Glorieta range, the table mountain sometimes called Starvation Peak was passed, the Pullman car conductor related a legend of a band of refugees from the Pueblo revolt who gained its flat top, so easily defended, only to be beleaguered there by a besieging force until they perished miserably of hunger and thirst—a story, by-the-way, which "came with the railroad," and was news to the old inhabitants of the region.

But the most picturesque feature of the region is the story of its turquoise mines. Off among the mountains to the left is Mount Chalquihuitl, the mines of which in ancient days furnished the gems that adorned the royal robes of the Montezumas, and were the choicest of the crown-jewels of Spain. There is but one other place in the world (Persia) where the turquoise is found, and, like the Russians and Persians, the New-Mexican natives wear them as amulets against the hurts of foes.

One of the famous eating-houses of the Atchison road is situated at Wallace, where

SENATOR JONES, OF NEVADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

the train going south stops late in the afternoon. As the cars draw up at the station the long platform is thronged with the people of the country, of diverse races. Rough miners in flannel and heavy boots stand watching the train, cow-boys set off by sombreros and spurs swagger about the platform; and Spanish-Americans with swarthy faces and gleaming black eyes lounge against the railings, looking impassively on the scene. Most picturesque of all there gathered are the descendants of the tribes akin to the Toltecs and Aztecs, those migrating peoples whose first home was in the Northwest, before they went South to colonize the valleys of the Mexican plateau—the Pueblo Indians from Santo Domingo and San Filipe. They are quaintly clad in their characteristic garb of leggings and tunic, with a blanket dress for the women, and sometimes for the men a gaudy blanket wrapped about the body. Some are awaiting the train on the station platform, and others, belated, are seen running toward the cars, bearing on their heads and backs the things they have to trade. They exhibit a great variety of pottery, in the shape of vessels of divers sizes, form, and patterns of decoration, and many earthen idols of infinite ugliness. They offer for sale pieces of what the New-Mexican curiosity dealers call smoky topaz, which in reality is obsidian or volcanic glass, the material used by the ancient Aztecs for cutting purposes, from swords down to razors.

The rough fragments of greenish stone which, worked sometimes into charms, are seen suspended from the neck of the Pueblo Indian by a string, are turquoises of an inferior kind from Mount Chalquihuitl, whither the Pueblo Indians repair to dig and peck at the surface veins, or overhaul the débris of the old workings to provide themselves with amulets and material for trade. In the fruit season these picturesque hucksters bring to the train baskets of apples, peaches, apricots, or grapes; and after the first sharp frosts, bags of the little egg-shaped *piñons*, or pine-nuts, about as large as beech-nuts, and sweet and delicious.

About the train is a characteristic collection of passengers. There are tourists, European and American commercial travellers, young men from the East going to the Southwest to try their fortunes, and perhaps in the rear cars some families of emigrants. Representing the Territory are merchants, miners, and cattle-men of American and Spanish-American descent, while opposite the blond Eastern lady, in her dainty travelling habit, may sit a dark-eyed olive-tinted beauty with the blood of Aragon or Castile in her veins, and perhaps a darker and not unbecoming tinge from Indian ancestry. Travelling theatrical companies, army officers and private soldiers on leave or on duty, and Indian delegations going on or returning from a visit to the "Great Father" at Washington, are current types in a Southwest passenger train. Almost without exception the passengers are affable and disposed to conversation. Stiffness and reserve among fellow-passengers by stage or by rail vanish west of the hundredth meridian.

In striking contrast with the gentle, busy, huckstering Indians of the town are the Navajos and Apaches who by chance may be at the station. Their free, wild air and haughty pride of carriage give them distinction, and they look with quiet contempt upon the peaceful Pueblos. This feeling was characteristically shown on one occasion upon the return from Washington of an Indian agent with two Mescalero Apaches to their reservation in southwestern New Mexico. Dressed in newly acquired civilized clothes, which they regarded solely in the light of a becoming ornamentation, and duly impressed with their own importance as members of a "bad" tribe, the two Apaches strolled upon the platform at Wallace after dinner. The Pueblo Indians came about them, offering their wares for sale. Not deigning to converse with them or purchase anything that they had to sell, the Apaches listened to their importunities with stoical reserve for a few minutes; then each put his hand in his pocket, handed a silver dollar to the nearest Pueblo Indian, and turning on his heel, walked with infinite dignity back into the car.

There is an excellent dinner, plentiful and well served, at the pleasant and roomy railroad restaurant, with so much time allowed for the stay that the traveller, after his ample and leisurely meal, is able to walk about in this barbarously brilliant scene, and make bargains with the brown and worldly-wise sons and daughters of the country for such of their wares as he fancies. The Pueblo Indians hasten toward any one whose eye they catch, hold up their goods, and address him in a language mainly aboriginal, with perhaps a few Spanish and American words intermingled; but the only part of the discourse really understood on either side is the extemporized sign language. They ask several prices, expecting to be beaten down to a fair rate, and they seldom will let the possible customer get away without consummating a trade. Demure, swarthy Pueblo children look on the transactions of their elders with great interest, the larger girls helping their mothers by carrying the very young children in a couch made by slinging a shawl about their necks.

The Indian pottery is the ware most purchased by the passengers. It is quaint of pattern, and, in its way, much of it is really beautiful. The material of which it is made is a white or grayish-tinted clay, which the men bring to the women, who are the pottery makers. The Indians guard jealously the secret of the places where are found the earth that makes the choicest kinds. The hunter, prospector, or railroad explorer coming suddenly upon these natives engaged in digging clay for the purpose is likely to remember the terror and consternation which they exhibit as they run toward him, warning him away. The moulded pottery is buried in dry sheep's dung, which is fired, and thus it is baked. The material used in making the striped designs is a decoction from a certain green root which the Indians call *waké*. It is painted upon the vessels, and in the baking it turns black. The best pottery is made by the Acoma, Zuñi, and Cochiti Indians.

A gong clanks at the station, and those passengers who have not already returned to the cars discontinue their promenade, or hastily conclude their bargains. The conductor's cry rings out, "All aboard!" and the laggards enter the cars; but even as the train moves slowly off the passengers are still making last bargains from the car platforms and through the windows with the aborigines, who, at the fast-approaching disappearance of their possible customers, are disposed at the last moment to close bargains at almost any price. The train gathers headway, the last Indian vender is passed, and soon the platform with its semi-barbaric, party-colored assemblage is left behind, and the passengers have turned from the strange and striking scene to gaze at the panorama of the river and the Indian villages against a mountain background on the rignt, as the train speeds southward down the sandy valley of the Rio Grande toward Albuquerque.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE YALE FENCE.

Hinc illæ lacrimæ.

TIME, whose ruthless hours carve the lineaments we love, scores no less relentlessly upon the face of things, and changes in the places that we knew touch us not less with compunction. Nor can it reach the substance of our grief that the marauding hand poses as a function of improvement, putting new in the place of old. The monument, however richly dight, still marks a loss. Who shall measure the subtle significance of our relations to the outward form and expression of the visible world, or put a value on the poetic craving for permanency in its configuration? The linking of sentiment with place may be preservative by way of association, and generative by way of tradition, and thus the mere outward and physical posture of things comes to be a moral force within our reckoning. Let us not, therefore, chide too harshly the grief-stricken graduate of Yale when he turns his back on practical considerations, and refuses comfort because of the demolition of his ancient boundary and resting-place. His lamentation appeals to all finer conservative feeling, without distinction of collegiate allegiance.

Who, within the far-reaching purlieus of the general college world, has not heard of that ancient seat of learning, the Yale fence? Symbol and chosen field of the buoyant open-air good-fellowship, with its peculiar classified democracy which is Yale's boast, Stoa has not come to be more closely bound up in tradition with the sect it named, nor Academe with the lovers of wisdom who walked and practised disquisition in its groves. Since the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary it stood against the Philistine world, held internecine elements in loyal confederacy against the common foe, and in piping times of peace witnessed the daily and nightly confluence of innumerable rivulets of college leisure. Put one student charged with idleness on the fence, and he drew to himself his fellows in like plight, not otherwise than as when a magnet is dipped into filings of steel. Sitting with bowed back on a three-inch rail may be more comfortable than pillowed couch if the spirit be content.

The old college row, fine in its homely antiquity, stood sentinel behind, and over all the elms drooped their graceful branches, sunlight and shadow flecked brick and turf, lazy breezes lulled the leaves, whilst the meaningless life of the town rolled by; and at even-tide, when the shadows had usurped the high green vaults, song rang out into the leafy arches in tuneful unison.

Senior, Junior, Sophomore kept sacredly, with mutual and self-respecting dignity, the allotted lines of demarcation, while the Freshman—a Peri without the gates—through long months of a desperate struggle for existence against a presumably hostile faculty, had before him always a lesson of patience and the incitement of privileges to come.

What mighty matters touching the college life—far transcending the slighter concerns of the quasi-existence that was to follow—were talked of there! What current happenings and weighty problems of politics, domestic and foreign! What intimate confidences of soul to soul were there exchanged! What arts of easy intercourse sown and watered to a pleasing growth! There the scholar and the athlete might sit thigh to thigh, and, learning mutual respect, derive mutual benefit in a human companionship wider and better than the dusty ruts of learning. "Shop" of the class-room seldom intruded into that sacred arena. Doubtless its opportunities were sometimes abused, and there were some who, in their four years' course—or more or less—got a larger measure of fence than the happily rounded fulness of higher education would strictly demand. Yet enlightened leisure hath also its due department, if we would escape nervous prostration in a hurrying world, and there be not a few have neglected the lessons of it to their own undoing.

The old fence was more than a memory to the alumnus shade who revisited, in seasons of festivity, the scenes of his living experiences. It was still a tangible property, and his for the sedentary purposes of the moment. And therein, it may be, lies the particular and personal poignancy of his grief. He could rally at the fence with his cigar, confident of leading his leisure into no conflict with others' labor, and be at the best point of vantage, whether to pick up the threads of old memories or the garrulous society of other ghostly strays. Age brought him no dignity he was not willing to unbend for the sake of bending his body once more over the familiar rail, if so be stiffening Time should have left some suppleness in his frame to conform to the requisite angles.

Quantum mutatus ab illo! Do not laugh at his tearful plight. The rail of those happiest sessions of his college days has perished, like that Ilium of which he may remember reading, in succinct classic phrase, that it was. By a savage irony of fate and faculty, of architects and generous donors, a mighty lecture and recitation hall, busy hive of toil, has risen on the spot once all dedicated to the soul of idleness. Tiles and finials, mullioned windows and crenelated towers, stained glass and hard sayings of the ancients in mosaic, cannot minister to his anguish. It is not merely that dry pine has been cast to the burning. Nay, he himself was capable, upon proper occasion of excitement, of laying an unsparing and incendiary hand upon the very seat of his affections. It is the demise of an institution he mourns. He is wondering whether the old spirit of fellowship has been builded out, so hungrily do we cling to tangible evidences.

Would Zeno have left the Stoic had there been no Porch, or the gentle followers of Plato kept the faith if some patron had built them a sanitarium in the latest fashion where once the master led them among the trees? Be comforted, good spirit! Hie thee to a remote quarter of the campus, where a mocking decree hath caused to be set up a compensatory section of the old fence for such as thee! If rheumatism have so far spared thee, lift thy old limbs athwart the melancholy remnant, and bethink thee young souls will still dream dreams as of old, and seek goodly fellowship, and find new trysts from toil. And later generations, suffering perforce unwelcome instruction within the fretted structure of a more cunning hand, will despise the rude benches where once thou sat'st in arduous learning's ways, nor ever feel the loss of that fence which was never theirs, and now is thine only as memory shall recall or art record.

Resignation was also in the curriculum in the days when thou wert fain to follow slavishly the coercive jangling of the unrelenting bell, though a later and sterner discipline was yet to burn the meaning into thy soul.

Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

A TOURNAMENT OF ROSES.

ORANGES ripen in southern California about the first of the year. At this time the country has taken on its coat of green, wild flowers are coming out, and dazzling lanes and rivers of the golden eschscholtzia, the California poppy, wind away up the slopes.

The 1st of January is essentially an epoch in the southern California year, and it is the custom of the Valley Hunt of Pasadena, Los Angeles County, to welcome the flowers and the orange by a festival of fruits and flowers, called the Tournament of the Roses. The initiatory tournament aroused much enthusiasm, especially among the army of tourists who winter here, and to whom the wealth of oranges and flowers was a revelation; and the Tournament or Festival of Roses with which the year 1891 was ushered in was of equal interest.

While the original idea of the Hunt Club was to celebrate the coming of the floral season, it was also to afford amusement to the people, especially strangers, and to revive the old Spanish games and customs of one hundred years ago. The ground where the tournament was held was in the centre of the city, surrounded by orange groves and semi-tropical verdure of all kinds. It contained a half-mile track, with a grand stand and central space for the polo teams, riding at the rings, javelin-throwing, and other sports, and on the 1st of January was crowded with sight-seers from almost every State in the Union and European country; for southern California is cosmopolitan, drawing from all lands.

Thirty or forty years ago the tournament was a common entertainment in Los Angeles, where bears were baited with bulls, and vaqueros illustrated their skill on the mesa, and the present annual tournament was an attempt to revive the old games, omitting some of the objectionable features.

The races of all kinds were excellent. The ranchers led, riding horses that had been at legitimate ranch work two weeks previous to the tournament—a race devised to bring out the sterling and staying qualities of the California horse, while the speed made was suggestive of the racers that have been bred on the California ranches.

Riding at the rings is a sport that has long been in vogue in California and among the English in India, and is one well calculated to improve the seat and give the rider greater confidence. The rings, four or five in number, are about three or four inches across, or not much larger than an ordinary napkin-ring, and suspended, at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet, from wires pendent from the frames. The horsemen were armed with long slender wooden lances, and at the word put their horses at the rings at full speed, securing what rings they could in turn—an easy matter to the unpractised eye, yet few could take the rings one after the other. The clatter of the trophies, the applause of the crowd of spectators at an unusually good ride, all tended to excite the horses and render them unmanageable; yet there was much fine riding, and many rings were taken off, the knights receiving valuable prizes. In several instances the rings were covered with roses, and so converted into garlands, and almost everything suggested the day and the rose. A handsome prize was offered for the finest decorated private team and pony team, which brought out decorations that would have been a credit to the Roman and Florentine carnivals. In some instances the body of the carriage was covered with green studded with roses, the spokes of the wheels and the tires being of red roses, while the horses appeared to be held in a floral harness, the saddle and traces also being covered with roses; other teams bore the bright red berries of the pepper and holly; others were ornamented with geraniums, some with the first golden poppies of the season, while the daisy and many other flowers added to the variety of the decorations.

Among the pony carriages, drawn by midgets from Shetland, was one entirely covered with calla-lilies. The ponies were in tandem, driven by little girls, who might have been the fairies of this summer-land, upon which the snows of winter looked down from the upper Sierras.

The flowers and the pyramid of golden oranges, free to all, formed features of the tournament, simple in themselves, but striking and impressive to the visitors, suggestive as they were of the prodigality of this land of flowers. The events came on in quick succession.

First the polo teams from Santa Monica took the field, their ponies making a fine display. Both teams were English, and they gave one of the finest exhibitions of the sport ever seen in this country, their daring riding, rapid moves, and sure play exciting continued applause from the crowd.

One must come to California to take a calla-lily hurdle, and this was a feature of the hurdle race. The stiff brush hurdle was fairly concealed with the calla blossoms, and from a distance might have been taken for a snow-laden fence or hedge.

While the track on this course was not particularly adapted for speed, or trials of California thorough-breds and horses not so well bred, it was eminently satisfactory to the most critical lovers of the sport, and the speed was suggestive of the stand southern California has taken in its production of horseflesh. The feats of riding of the Mexicans were especially interesting to the Eastern visitors. At full speed they picked up various objects, as coin, handkerchiefs, oranges, from the ground, tossing the last into the air to catch them again.

An old Spanish game is to bury a goose or a turkey, leaving the head protruding aboveground. Riding at full speed, the contestant endeavors to grasp the bird by the neck—not an easy matter. This sport was attempted without the bird, a dummy being used in deference to the ladies, and which served to show the skill of the riders.

American riders were by no means behind their Spanish-Mexican cousins. One illustrated the method of taking a throw. The horse is supposed to have stepped into a hole, stops suddenly, and the rider goes over his head; but instead of falling heavily, he comes down lightly upon his feet, runs a few steps, and turns to vault into the saddle almost before the horse has recovered itself. Other riders, while at full speed, leaped lightly from the saddle to the ground and then back again.

The Spanish part of the programme proved especially interesting. In the exhibition of hurling the javelin the knight who challenged all comers was Don Arturo Bandini, a representative of one of the oldest families in southern California. The knight's early life was one of romance and adventure among the southern Indians, and his appearance was greeted with applause. Running his horse at the top of his speed, he hurled the javelins with such skill that none could compete with him. At the rings he was also an expert, having carried off the prize of the previous year.

The burro, or donkey, is a picturesque and novel feature of the Southwest to the Eastern eye, and a burro race was on the programme. St. Sebastian, Ramona, San Gabriel, Henry V., and Don Quixote were some of the high-sounding names by which the long-eared fraternity were entered. A dozen or so drew into line, and finally, by dint of much persuasion, were started, making the race amid much excitement, the last one in receiving the first prize, and the first the second—a novel arrangement that added to the general interest. Among the attractive features of the tournament was a race between a thorough-bred race-horse and greyhounds. The start was a flying one, the horse being put to his full speed; but it was evident that the dogs were simply playing. They bounded along, doubling up in the peculiar manner of greyhounds, occasionally looking up, as if wondering whether the horse could not go faster. The dogs kept at the racer's quarter, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, and the horse crossed the line several feet behind, affording one of the most exciting of all the races.

The appearance of a fine thorough-bred greyhound putting forth its best effort is incomparably fine, and there is but one animal that can keep pace with it, the famous hunting leopard, or cheetah.

Interspersed with these attractive features of the tournament in former festivals have been athletic sports—the tug-of-war and foot-races—but in the present season the tournament idea was strictly adhered to, and man and horse went into the bouts together. When the orange deepens into gold again so will another Tournament of the Roses come, and the members of the Valley Hunt may well congratulate themselves in having introduced a custom that will prove an attractive feature in the year for a long time to come. Charles Frederick Holder.

THE RABBI.

Misconceptions as to what is the exact status of the rabbi are frequent. The general and commonest error is a natural one, and it is that there exists some parallelism between rabbi and bishop, when this is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Mosaic creed. The comprehension of what is the devotional act on the part of the Jew requires the understanding of this, that at one and the same time he is the most conservative and democratic of those who worship God. He does not brook any supreme ecclesiastical head, for all men are equal before the Almighty. He seeks spiritual advice from a rabbi, follows his interpretations of the law, receives consolation from his prayers, and bows down before his superior learning and piety, but after that the rabbi's power ceases. There may have come about certain changes during the last three hundred years. As the Jews have naturally been subjected to administrative regulations, state governments have selected certain individuals, granting them particular offices, as in France and Germany, and these rabbis are regarded as the heads of the Jewish communities, though the orthodox Jew would contest even this. Occasionally among ignorant and superstitious Jews rabbis have exercised functions to which they were not entitled. Anything, however, like hierarchical power in a rabbi is non-existent.

The derivation of the word in a certain measure explains what is the rabbi. In Hebrew or Aramaic *rab* means a master, as do *rabba* and *rabban*. With the pronoun added to it, *rabboni* is "my master," and *rabbenu* "our master." The use of the word in the sense of "master" is common in both the Old and New Testaments. Beyond, however, that high esteem in which the rabbi is held, there is nothing materially tangible about the title. There is really no method—as by the imposing of hands—or ceremonial which can construct out of a learned and pious Jew a rabbi. There is no place for any dignitaries. But there is something higher the Jew can give the rabbi, and that is an ideal position. He is lifted up and beyond his fellows because of his devoutness and his wisdom. There can be nothing grander in human conception than this as it is found in the Talmud. Here numerous rabbis, with this handle attached to their name, may figure, but the few great ones, whose teachings left indelible impressions on Jewish hearts, have their names written with no title of rabbi. They were known to be so illustrious as to require no word-trappings.

Mr. T. V. Chominski gives an excellent picture of a rabbi. The type of face is pronounced. The distinct Semitic profile is there. Doughty, in parched Arabia, where "a man's tongue rattled in his mouth," saw sheiks, in like would be a brother to this rabbi who worshipped Mohammed. The Orientalism is marked; it shows itself in the mode of worship. Modern methods of addressing one's God vary from the older way. To pray was a part of an old Shemite's occupation. His life perhaps was so often endangered, his escapes from accident so frequent, that many times during the day he thanked his God for His mercies. As the Jew felt that keen desire to pray, he was indifferent to his surroundings. Even fashions in the manifestations of devotion vary with races. The muezzin who cries to prayers from the minaret is but as the living bell which tolls from the church tower.

There are sects who believe in silent prayer, and are nearer to their God when in the mystery of gloom and shadow. It is only an emotional question. The Jew, the rabbi, in his prayers is never loud, noisy, or given to contortions. In certain portions of his prayers, as he mentions the name of his God he bows reverently, and younger creeds have followed his ways. Around him he has draped his *talis*—sometimes Englished *taleth*. It is a white scarf with horizontal stripes of blue. Such a scarf Jesus wore, and when the woman who suffered was touched by the border of it (*Kraspedon*), her issue of blood was healed. The scarf has fringes knotted in a peculiar way, and on this we might see an approach to the Mexican method of conveying ideas by means of knots. The rabbi wears the phylacteries. The one on the head is the *T'fillim shal Rosh*, the one on his arm the *T'fillim shal Yad*. The first is a frontlet, with a small box made of leather, containing certain Scripture texts; that on the arm is a ligature of leather bound around the arm seven times, and three times around the middle finger. The using of the *tefillim*, or *tephilim*, follows the command found repeated more than once in Exodus and Deuteronomy: "And it [the law] shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes." The pious Jew carries out literally the Biblical text.

The use of the *tefillim* is at morning prayer. It is not used on Saturdays or other festivals, with the one exception, on the day of greatest mourning to the Jews, when it recalls the destruction of Jerusalem. The variation of the *tefillim* is the rosary, which is in common usage with the Thibetans. A musical memory is common to Jews, because the chanting of their prayers requires a certain sequence of notes, and it is acquired at an early age.

AMATEUR SPORT.

Charles F. Matthewson and James R. Dunn, by their report on the adjustment of the much-vexing expense problem, have earned the unfeigned gratitude of all interested in the future welfare of amateur athletics. If their career hereafter runs in the most mediocre of channels, there will yet remain ample cause for congratulation. From time out of mind the expense question has been the bane of every athletic legislator; many have wrestled with it, hours have been spent in its debate, but there has always been a lack of courage to grapple with it heroically. In the last year or two it has assumed such formidable proportions with privileges lavishly and indiscriminately extended, and the good name of the amateur outraged so wantonly, that the efforts of the indefatigable few for the purification of the field have finally been recognized.

It is a sad reflection on our large and powerful athletic clubs that it has been found necessary to resort to extreme measures. It has always been within the province of these clubs to add great weight to the efforts of the few; they have enjoyed a tremendous influence, to wield for good or evil. Unfortunately, however, the rivalry engendered in the one great struggle for points seems to have completely buried all thought of the future prosperity of athletics. The report of Messrs. Matthewson and Dunn to the Board of Managers of the Amateur Athletic Union restricts indiscriminate prize-giving, limiting the value, and confining it to legitimate trophies, such as medals, cups, and banners. The expense question it handles fearlessly and ably, abolishing all expense paying except to championship meetings, and advising the possible including of district championships. It remains now for the Board of Managers to set its seal of approval on these resolutions, and the greatest step toward the attainment of amateur sport in its healthful conception has been taken.

In the mean time some discussion is going on as to the advisability of adopting what a few impetuous and uninformed ones declare will be the ruination of athletics. It is a bit curious that such warped ideas are entertained on a question so vital, and by men who have been brought more or less in touch with the subject; but since such opinions do exist and find the light of print, it is well to combat them, less their sophistry delude the unthinking. The great question before the amateur athletic world is, then, shall we allow athletics to be monopolized by a class of men, professional by instinct, amateur by courtesy, sent hither and thither representing some wealthy club that is willing to pay their expenses and pose in the questionable attitude of a promoter of amateur sport? Are we to have a class of athletes whose absolutely sole interest in the sport is the prizes they win? Are clubs to be permitted to acquire stables of athletes, whose entire time is given up to training, and actually live at the expense of the club for weeks previous to a set of games?

What is the difference between these and college athletes? I have heard some ask. It is so great that there is really no line of comparison. The college man is actuated by every honorable motive which the mug-hunting athlete lacks. So far as it appeals to the world generally, however, the greatest distinction exists in the different conditions under which the men train and compete. Compared to his after-work, the college man is enjoying his play hour of life; his time is his own, and what he gives to sport is for the glory of his *alma mater* and his own pleasure. Club athletes, as a rule, of course, have passed their play hour, and joined the great army of bread-winners. Recreation becomes really the more necessary, in point of health, but of secondary importance. What is the prime purpose of athletics? To afford recreation and rest from the cares and worries of this work-a-day world, or to build up a band of performers in our clubs to attract spectators and swell the gate receipts? Aside from the pure sentiment of sustaining the standard of the amateur, and of keeping the rank and file of athletics absolutely clean, the future prosperity of the sport, in point of pecuniary return and recognition by the best element of society, positively demands the active support of the better class of athletes.

Although to a limited extent drawn by the prospect of sport, there is no question whatever that the majority of the spectators at any of the games are attracted because of the social standing of the participants; in the abstract they probably enjoy the sport, but it is by no means the first consideration of their attendance. Who ever goes to a professional foot-race nowadays? Who cares a rap whether John Darien can run one hundred yards in even time or a fraction less? It is not Lon Myers the professional whom we remember, but Lon Myers the amateur. Athletic costume and distance have lent a charm to many of the competing athletes of to-day, so that the general spectator has remained deluded with the impression that every one of them is a "friend, a brother." Assuming the entries in athletic competition to have degenerated until those yet in the minority were greatly in the majority and eventually monopolized the field, what would be the character of the spectators, and to what would the sport degenerate?

And if our large clubs continue picking up men whose only recommendation is their athletic prowess, it will certainly drive out of active competition those members that indulge in athletics for sport pure and simple. So soon as the impression goes abroad that the athletes of a club are members for no other reason than that they win points, just at that moment it will sound the knell of athletics as we would have it interpreted. There should positively be no distinction among the members of any club. Athletic memberships are a blot on the escutcheon of amateur sport. We do not want athletes who compete for what they get out of it. We do not want mug-hunters; we want gentlemen amateurs at heart who compete because of the pleasure it affords them, and are not to be influenced from one club to another by lures of additional expense money. There is not room for two kinds of athletes. Men that can spend weeks in peparing for competition should have sufficient of this world's goods to pay their own expenses. Men that have the requisite time, but no money, had best be looking to their business prospects.

One of the strongest points raised against passing this resolution of abolishing the paying of expenses is that it will destroy competition between widely separated clubs, and consequently retard the growth of athletics. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that it will aid athletics greatly, and invest the annual championships with greater interest. It will stimulate the local clubs to greater effort by putting them on their mettle, and unquestionably be the means of developing a great deal of material that is now overlooked. The resolution now presented to the Amateur Athletic Union for action is the strongest bit of legislation we have ever had toward placing athletics on a proper plane, and the Board of Managers cannot afford to shelve it. Suppose it does lose a certain class of competitors, who will lament them?

The unsportsmanlike squabble resulting upon some of the decisions at the University of Pennsylvania games points strongly to the necessity of investing power in the athletic committee of every club to administer substantial rebuke to members transgressing those courtesies to which, unfortunately, the typical athlete appears to be a stranger. At these games, in direct violation of an emphasized ruling, several men went on the track with spiked shoes, and one of them, upon being disqualified, loudly proclaimed the injustice, forsooth, with which he was being treated. This is the class of men that attempt to win races fraudulently, that pour their fictitious and highly colored woes into the eager ears of some space-filling reporter, and whose obnoxious presence we shall be well rid of when the expense resolution has been passed. There was some confusion in one or two of the races at Philadelphia, entirely natural on so small a track. Some of the officials would have benefited by greater experience; but in that fact was to be found no occasion for the license taken by some of the New York athletes. Such occurrences are unfortunate, for it gives our neighbors an unpleasant opinion of our athletes, and must engender feelings detrimental to the best interests of sport. There is no law that reaches that *bête noire* of meetings, the athlete who endeavors to win under any and all circumstances; but the dignity of our clubs demands that these men be disciplined by their respective athlete committees.

If the members of the Boston Athletic Association, and the athletic world generally, will profit by the action of Boston's straight-laced Aldermen over the recent boxing tournament in that city, there will be cause for genuine rejoicing. Not that I am at all in sympathy with the action of the Aldermen, nor agree with them in the denomination of the tournament as "brutal," for it was extremely mild to what we are accustomed to seeing hereabouts under alleged amateur auspices. It furnishes a text, however, upon which a strong sermon might be preached. Wonder is frequently expressed why more gentlemen skilled in boxing do not enter these tournaments. Why, indeed? Whenever the question has been put to me, I have invariably requested my interrogator to attend one of these "shows," and study the physiognomy of the contestants. Now why is it that this best of all sport is given over ostensibly to the Bowery element? First and foremost because an entirely erroneous idea prevails in regard to the contests, where brute force and awkwardness rather than skill predominate.

The sport is not encouraged; it is publicly given over to men whose entire conception is comprised in putting their opponents to sleep. There is nothing brutal in hard, clever boxing; it is only when men indulge in slugging that the spectacle becomes disgusting. Men resort to slugging because they are not skilled in boxing. If they were able to give a clean blow from the shoulder they would eschew swings from the hip, and quite contrary to the general untutored impression a much harder blow can be delivered from the shoulder than on the swing. If our athletic clubs would give boxing tournaments, presided over by capable judges who know the difference between a foul swinging blow delivered with the inside of the hand and one with the knuckles, instead of "go's" to gratify the thirst for a little gore, the sport could very shortly be placed where it belongs. Contests to-day as we see them exhibit many glaring faults. The greatest of these is the swing from the hip, seen at every tournament, and which I have many times stated it is impossible to deliver without committing a foul. If men were disqualified for using this blow, they would be compelled to box fairly; and as such a condition is not agreeable to the rag, tag, and bobtail element, gentlemen would soon be left in possession of the ring. If our object is to fight, let us throw aside the gloves, and face one another in condition to do the job with neatness and despatch; if we are boxing for points, let us adhere to common-sense rules.

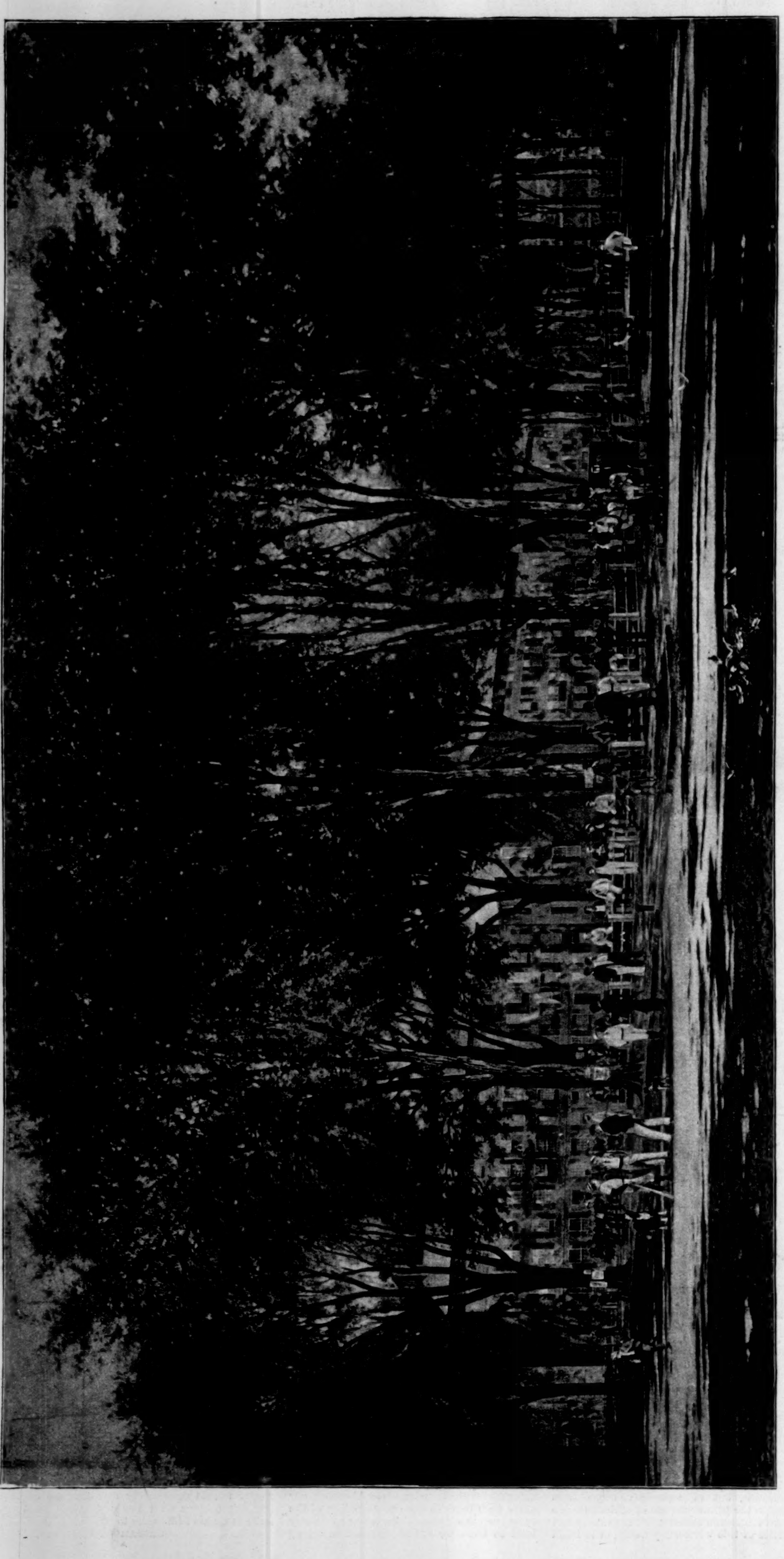
I must confess I rejoice in the failure to popularize in-door base-ball. There is no feature in the game that commends it to sportsmen, and there are many that have condemned it. In the first place, the light has worked greatly to its injury, and the difficulty of following a ball has altogether robbed the game of all pleasure to the spectator. Again, the danger to the batsman is not inconsiderable, for his inability to see the ball until it about reaches him, and the difficulty of dodging it at such close range, have resulted in some serious injuries. It may be safely concluded that if the professional players have found the outlook for in-door base-ball so poor as to abandon the project of turning the amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden into a diamond, there is little in it indeed. My especial pleasure over the result is caused by the failure of a summer game in winter. There is nothing so conducive to health and prosperity as seasonable weather, and it is my rooted conviction that, except for occasional exhibition purposes—as, for instance, in the case of lacrosse—summer games have no place in the winter programme. The attempt has been made many times and in different cities, and its failure has been signal and irretrievable.

The flag on the boat-house at Yale is, I hear, at half-mast over the probable loss to the crew of Hartwell and Ferris. It must be remembered, however, that this is the winter of Yale's discontent, as indeed when is the college winter that is not? Hartwell may be induced to continue on the crew, though it is asking a great deal of a man who is putting a two-years' course into one; Ferris has been a sick man, it is true, but even now he is doing a bit of work, and may pull himself into the old form.

The feeling among undergraduates at Harvard has not been of the most jubilant character for the past few weeks concerning the prospects of the crew; but I shall defer comment until after I have seen them, which, I hope, will be next week. In the mean time I believe I can safely predict, and I hope arouse drooping spirits, that the athletic team will be permitted to compete in the Intercollegiate Championships.

Great interest is manifest among yachting men as to the work cut out for the new Fife forty-six-footer, and the outlook is particularly attractive from the fact that Mr. Burgess will have a rival in the especial class he has heretofore monopolized. Probably the greatest race of the season will be when these forty-six-footers come together, for wellnigh every yacht in the class carries a skipper of pronounced skill, as I fancy Mr. Foster, the owner of the new craft, will realize when he encounters such professionals as Watson, Haff, and Barr. Owners in the forty class are not especially jubilant over their prospect. The *Ventura*, *Moccasin*, and *Minerva* have been declared for sale, and I should not be at all surprised to hear also of the *Gossoon* being put on the market. Mr. Foster fought desperately and long to defeat the *Gossoon* with *Ventura*, and it must have made his heart ache to renounce her.

Caspar W. Whitney.



THE YALE FENCE.—From the Painting by Alfred C. Howland, N. A., at the University Club.—[See Page 126.]

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.

Cold and moisture combined have a torporizing effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true, also, of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest, surest, and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the bilious attacks, and the nervous visitations so common at this time of the year will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.—[*Adv.*]

IT TAKES MONEY TO BUY MONEY'S WORTH.

You can buy a thing called a Life Policy or an Accident Policy for pretty much any price below current rates you are willing to pay, in strict ratio to the security you get. If you want to print one yourself and so forego security altogether, you can get it for the cost of the printed job; if you are willing to take the obligations of a petty local society with no money and no management and no straight figuring and no auditing and no guaranty, you can buy them for a quarter or so of our prices; and so on up, till a little under solid security means a little under the price for solid security. But what is the use of swapping one chance for another? A man insures because the chance of his premature death makes his family's situation precarious; but is it any less precarious when there is an equal chance of the premature death of the concern he is "insured" in? If the company will have to be hunted half over the United States and sued, and if after it is sued it has nothing you can levy on, a man is a fool to waste five cents in premiums on its "policies;" and he is worse than a fool if he banks his family's entire provision on such worthless pieces of paper. Make sure first that the company you take a policy in has plenty of surplus funds back of it; and secondly, that its agents are real agents to serve process on—so that for your purpose the company is located wherever it has an agent—not dummies without responsibility or authorization. The Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., eminently fills both requirements, and its surplus of over $2,000,000 is ample to meet every possible demand.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
—[*Adv.*]

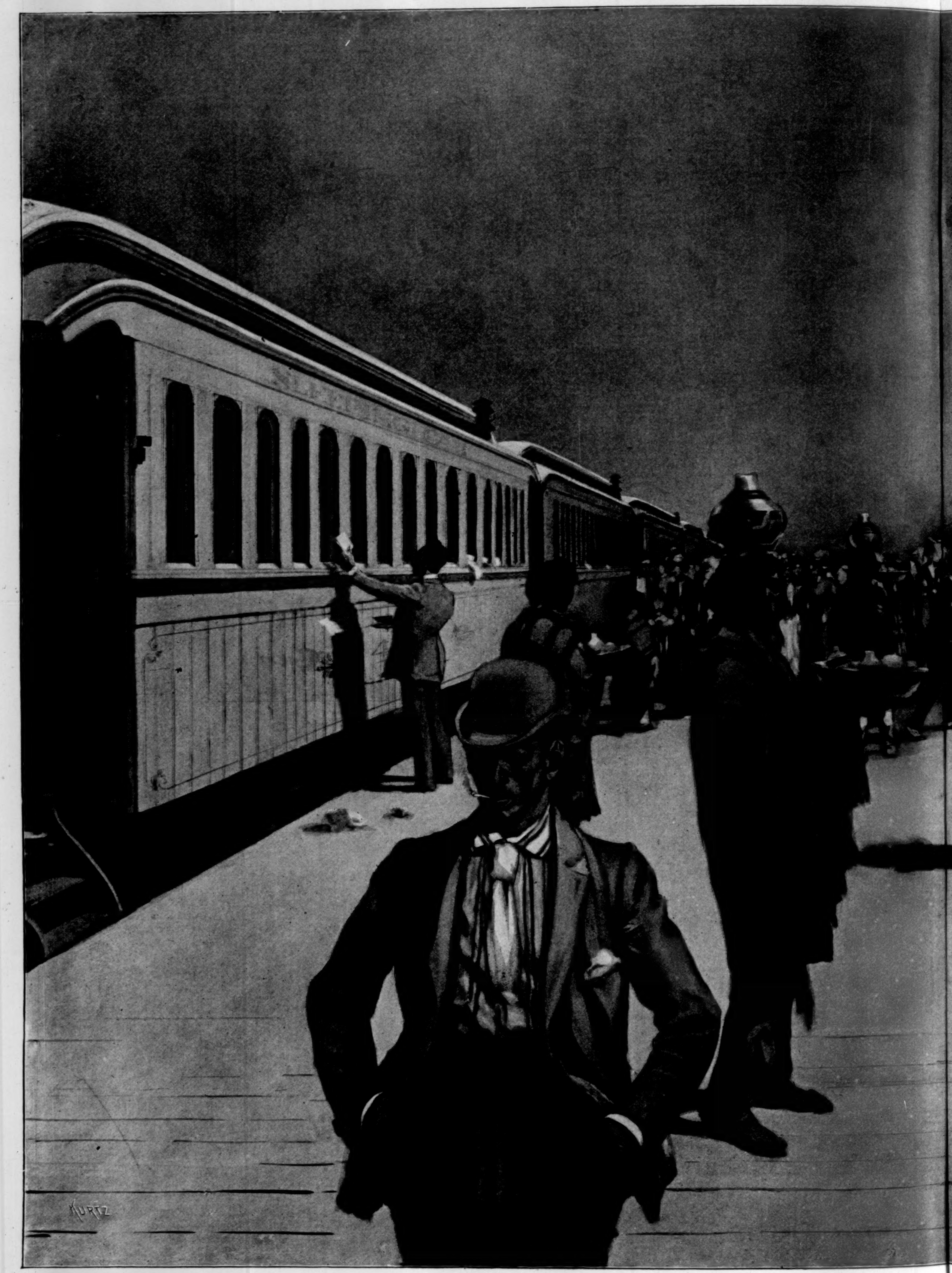
BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

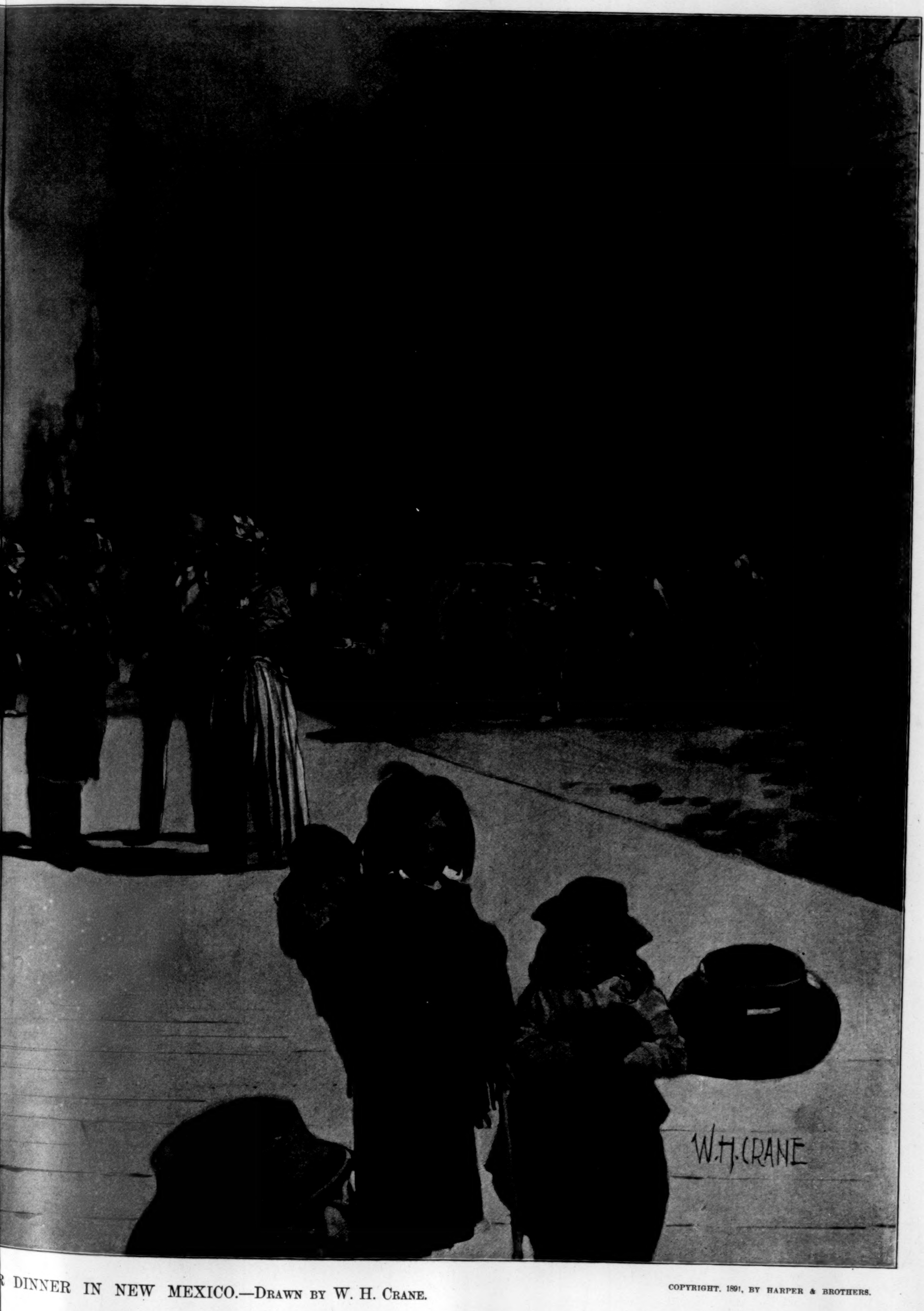
USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]



SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC—A STOP FO



R DINNER IN NEW MEXICO.—Drawn by W. H. Crane.

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